

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 719

Week Ending
DECEMBER 31, 1932

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

A STRANGE UNDERGROUND JOURNEY

See
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MOTHERLAND CALLING

THE NEW MIRACLE

The Wonderful Story of a Few
Poles in a Meadow

DAVENTRY TO THE EMPIRE

One of the most fantastic ideas that man ever dreamed has come true. It is possible for the King to sit in his study and speak to everyone under the Flag.

Just ten years after it was born the B.B.C. has given the Empire a wonderful New Year present of a short-wave broadcasting station. The wanderer in Northamptonshire may come upon it near the little town of Daventry and not be very impressed, for the transmitters are housed in a small, plain building, and in a meadow close by a number of tall telegraph poles seem to have gathered together for a conference.

The Australasian Aerial

The masts are arranged in five groups, and the aerials that are slung between them point to all parts of the Empire. The programmes are sent out on the beam system, each zone having its own wavelength. The Australasian aerial is a miracle in itself, for it points both ways, so that by moving a switch the beam can be sent round the world eastward or westward, whichever is most suitable.

During the tests the curious fact was discovered that in Australia the Indian transmission could be received better than that intended for Australia, so the wavelengths may be reversed. In most parts of the Empire reception has been good, except in Canada, where the difficulty is seasonal and is believed to be due to Sun-spot phenomena. In England it is practically impossible to hear the Empire station! As Marconi said the other day, we know very little about wireless yet.

Problem of Time Difference

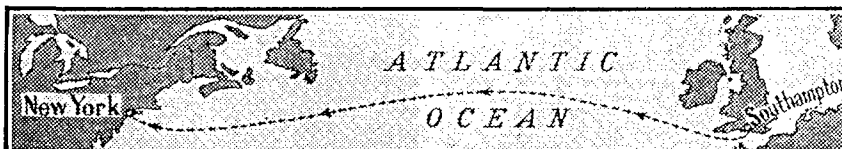
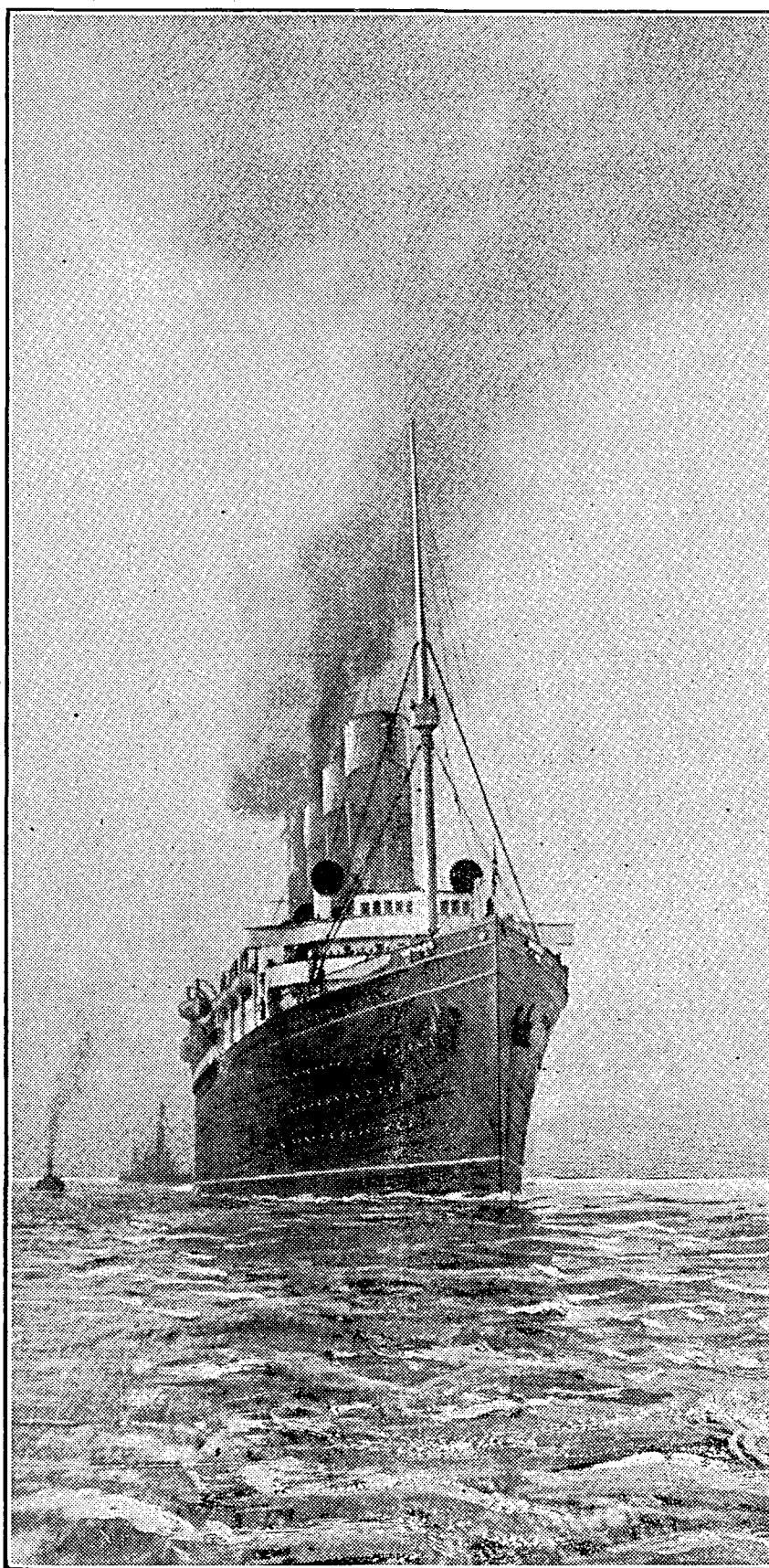
One great problem that has to be met is the time difference round the world; a glance at the little clocks on the C.N. World Map will illustrate this.

It is not possible for the B.B.C. to produce special programmes throughout the day and night, so for the present there will be a policy of compromise in the matter of time. The difficulty will be partly overcome by re-issuing programmes that have been recorded on the Blattnerphone machine. Naturally the whole scheme will be experimental for some months.

At present this service is paid for by the B.B.C., but it is hoped that eventually there will be some regular source of income from the Empire in response to this gesture from the Motherland.

On the Editor's hilltop in Kent is a metal plate with arrows pointing all round the compass and giving the distances in a direct line to all parts of the world. Now the B.B.C. can set up a similar plate on its Daventry hilltop, and boast that it can *speak* to every place marked on it.

Out of 1932 Into 1933



The 26-year-old Mauretania might well be called the Goodwill Ship, for she must have carried more people between the two English-speaking countries than any other vessel afloat. Sailing from the Old World at the end of the Old Year she is timed to arrive in the New World after the New Year has dawned.

THE B.B.C. AND THE NATION

A PRECIOUS ASSET

Significance of the Changes on
the Board of Governors

SAD CHRISTMAS BOX FOR LORD SNOWDEN

The C.N. believes that the B.B.C. is the greatest single factor for good or ill in the world, and everything that happens to it is of supreme importance to us all.

It seems worth while, therefore, that a word should be said before it is too late lest this proud creation of our time should suffer the fate of many a good institution and become a pawn in the game of party politics. Nothing would be more deplorable than that anything should happen in this country to establish here the American system by which a public office is a party prize. It would be a disaster incomparable.

Lady Snowden

The whole nation feels that the great reputation the B.B.C. has made in ten short years is safe in the hands of Mr Whitley, the Chairman of the Board of Governors, and Sir John Reith, the Director-General, upon whom the whole management of this wonderful business falls; but we feel sure that one of the changes lately made must cause profound misgiving, and it is so strange a change that an immense number of people must have asked what reason there could be for it. We refer to the disappearance of Lady Snowden from the Board of Governors, of which she has been a highly-valued member in the most critical years of the B.B.C.

It cannot be expected, of course, that there should never be changes on a Board like this, but at least the changes should have reason in them and should bring some advantage in their train. It is known everywhere that Lady Snowden has put all her wonderful enthusiasm and her boundless energy and her unique knowledge of life and affairs into the work of the Board; and she has, as everybody knows, a love of music and an experience of the musical world which are of the greatest value in a Governor of the B.B.C.

The Premier's Old Friend

She stands for all that is best in public life, with an outlook and an idealism which make her public service a national possession, and it seems to us a bitter thing that the year that is closing has seen the passing from the stage of active State service, not only of Lord Snowden himself, one of the wisest and most esteemed of all our public men, but of Lady Snowden too.

The Prime Minister at least must feel how sad a Christmas-box this was for an old friend who bore with him so long the heat and burden of the day.

FRANCE REFUSES TO PAY

DRAMATIC FALL OF HER GOVERNMENT

Herriot's Great Appeal To the Honour of His Nation

A STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

The most dramatic moment in the controversies which have raged over the payment of War Debts occurred in the dark hours of one morning, when the French Chamber rejected the advice of M. Herriot and sent him hurriedly to the President with his resignation.

M. Herriot had pleaded that France should honour her bond and not endanger the goodwill of the English-speaking peoples, smashing everything for 480 million francs. He declared that the Deputies were endangering the Lausanne Agreement and the Disarmament Conference. But the appeal of this statesman fell on deaf ears.

A Stranglehold on the World

The underlying cause of his defeat was the sense of injustice felt by all Europeans and many Americans at the stranglehold which the payment of War Debts has placed upon the world. Until they are wiped out no real progress is possible. There is nothing but chaos as long as they remain.

Everybody was sorry for M. Herriot in the confusion that befell him, but it will pass. An honest patriot who had risen by his own exertions from a humble origin to the leadership of his nation, he is still the modest, unaffected man he was in his early days, as this story of him shows.

M. Herriot recently attended the funeral of his aunt, Madame Destames. He was visibly moved, for it was a bond with his youth which had been broken. When he was a boy Madame Destames had been cook to M. Maurice Barrès, who later took a leading place in Parisian politics and literature.

His First Overcoat

M. Herriot said in conversation that at that time he was attending the Collège Saint-Barbe, where he held an exhibition, and that every Sunday he used to go and see his aunt, and when her work was over he and she used to have their dinner in the kitchen.

Afterwards M. Herriot was asked by letter whether this story was true, and he replied that it was true, adding: "If I recollect rightly, it was M. Barrès who gave me my first overcoat."

On another occasion M. Herriot was asked about his career, and he said that if he had not happened to have entered Parliament and the Government he would have been a teacher in some secondary school.

It was Victor Hugo who said: "To go from a thatched cottage to a palace: that is great, that is fine."

VANDALISM

The Spirit of Hate in Central Europe

The winged lion of St Mark which adorns a wall at Trau, an ancient Venetian seaport on the Dalmatian coast of Yugo-Slavia, has been wantonly damaged by vandals.

Italy is angry at the destruction of an emblem which stands for the great days of the Venetian Republic, and Signor Mussolini has vehemently protested in the Senate at Rome, declaring that such acts are part of the policy of Yugo-Slavia.

It was a wanton act in this part of Europe that led to the war, and it is high time that the Great Powers spoke plainly to the turbulent races in this part of Europe and insisted on their settling the grievances which are causing so much bad blood between nations.

THE SMALL NATIONS

APPEALS AT GENEVA

Sad Effect of the British Minister's Strange Speech

THE LEAGUE OR NOT THE LEAGUE?

The C.N. correspondent at Geneva who has been sending informal notes of the debate on Japan's Manchurian War sends us these further notes as the debate proceeded before the League Assembly.

After the Council, the Assembly: silence no longer, but a torrent of frank speeches.

Once again China and Japan spoke, the Chinese delegate being, not Dr Wellington Koo of the Council, but Dr Yen, who so eloquently pleaded his country's cause in March.

Obstinate Facts For Japan

This time he placed an array of facts before the Assembly which Mr Matsuoka of Japan did not attempt to refute. Then followed Mr Conolly of the Irish Free State, Dr Benes of Czecho-Slovakia, M. Unden of Sweden, Dr Lange of Norway.

"We, of the smaller States, are deeply concerned that the principles of the League and of the Covenant should be upheld at all costs," said the first.

"We are concerned with the evolution and the future of the League, and must save an institution for which we are all responsible," declared the second.

"The weakening confidence in interpretation and application of international treaties throws confusion into the relations between all countries," asserted the third.

"There is something new in the world today which makes it impossible to recognise the justification for any one nation's use of force," declared the fourth.

Uphold the League

Through all the speeches ran the same note: "We have a League of Nations and we must uphold it; if we fail no country can ever hope to have faith in it in the future."

Another note also ran through all these speeches, not of condemnation, but of appeal, an appeal for conciliation between the two countries, toward which the Assembly was eager and anxious to help.

So for three sessions, and then, at the fourth, the British delegate, Sir John Simon, spoke. It is pitiful to say that the effect was disastrous. No longer were League principles upheld, but we heard the strange language that "League methods must be followed as far as possible." No longer had we a recognition that the Covenant and the Paris Pact had been broken by Japan, but we heard the strange condemnation of China's lack of progress since 1922, and we heard, moreover, a use of the Lytton Report which falsified its findings, and a bland reference to direct negotiations between the two countries, when all the world knows that from the beginning China has refused to enter into negotiations under military pressure.

The Russian Factor

Such was the contribution to this time of trial and testing through which the League is passing made in the name of the British people. Rarely has our Foreign Office been in such feeble hands.

Finally a resolution embodying the principles upheld by Spain, Czecho-Slovakia, Norway, and the Irish Free State was given into the care of the Committee of Nineteen to decide upon.

Meanwhile events move. If the news of China's compact with Russia be confirmed, matters will assume a very different complexion. A condemnation of China standing alone is one thing: when she is joined by Russia it becomes quite another, and it is tragic to think that such a combination, a division of the world into two great camps, should have been brought about by the attitude of the British Government and the timid blundering of its Foreign Minister.

HIS SHELTER WAS A STABLE

STORY OF S O S

How a Few Down-and-Outs Spent Christmas Eve

THE ROAD TO BETTER TIMES

On Christmas Eve, while parties of carol singers sang outside hundreds of comfortable and happy homes the words

And His shelter was a stable,

And His cradle was a stall,

a little company of strangers, footsore, threadbare, and destitute, took shelter in a stable in a shabby London street near Waterloo Station as thankfully as Joseph and Mary on the first Christmas Eve accepted the refuge of the stable at Bethlehem.

Pitiful Figures

If Santa Claus had passed that way he would have seen two men sleeping in every stall where dray horses once munched their oats. These were more in request than the main part of the stable, for the partitions between them kept away draughts. Each of the pitiful figures, who slept in his clothes, had spread pieces of newspaper or newsbills on his allotment of floor to make a warmer place to lie on. Altogether 200 workless men were spending the night in this building and the disused warehouse adjoining, which have been turned into a shelter for homeless men by the S.O.S. Society and H 10, of whose fine work for the unemployed there has already been an account in the C.N.

This shelter, which is next door to H 10 in the Belvedere Road, replaces the church in Gray's Inn Road used by the S.O.S. as a refuge during the last two winters for more than 60,000 men, that church having lately been demolished. It has been impossible to supply many beds, for the cheapest cost 8s 6d to make, and at present there are not enough funds. But emergency help in the way of clean and dry night shelters, and a hot drink and a slice of bread and jam night and morning, are better than nothing.

Making the Useless Useful

Something much more constructive and lasting than temporary help is the aim of the S.O.S. Society, which has already made the lives of hundreds of men useful instead of useless to the community. There are now three other S.O.S. centres in London, where heroic attempts are being made to rescue the down-and-out from his misery and set him on his feet.

One of these, the Studdert-Kennedy Hostel and Night Shelter, is for youths of 18 to 21, and in this hostel alone, of the 500 young men who have been sheltered nearly 400 have been placed in employment, sent to other agencies, or rescued from the streets. The other two are hostels for men over 21. Each has a recreation-room and comfortable beds, and a number of men can stay here while their personal problems are being examined and work is found for them. A friendly eye is kept on each man until he is able to look after himself.

Real Hope For the Future

Whenever a new hostel is started there are the same wonderful results, so that if a chain of such hostels could be established there would be real hope for the future. At these hostels the down-and-out is treated as a brother, not as a tramp. He is fed and clothed and helped to regain the self-respect he could never recapture by drifting into a workhouse.

Every C.N. reader can help in some way to give these poor derelicts a chance of climbing out of the Slough of Despond and enjoying life again. Whoever sends gifts of money or clothing to the Secretary, 358, City Road, London, E.C.1, will be doing his part in hastening better times.

BRAVE WOMEN PIONEERS

By a Lonely Grave

THE SHEPHERD AND HER FLOCK

From an Australian Correspondent

In a lonely spot in Victoria is an unkempt grave.

Gum trees whisper above it and the grass waves gently in the wind. It is the grave of Mrs Forlonge, who came to Victoria during the first years of the settlement of the infant colony. She lived in Glasgow and determined to take her two sons to the settlement of which she had heard so much; but first she had to learn sheep farming. Sitting by this grave the other day her story came to the writer's mind.

With her two sons she tramped the length of Saxony, learning German methods and investigating the best type of sheep to buy. She walked from farm to farm and eventually collected a fine flock of Saxon merinos. In 1831 she set sail in the brig Czar and, after many months on the sea, landed in Tasmania.

Four years later, when the first settlement was started at Melbourne, she came to Victoria, bringing the sheep with her, and from this flock many of the finest merino sheep in the State are descended.

She did so much to start the sheep-breeding industry here that a subscription is being solicited so that a granite cairn may be erected at the site of her grave, commemorating her work and placing on record the brave pioneering of this woman. Until she introduced merinos the settlers were content with breeds producing coarser wool, and probably her efforts have contributed much to making Australia the greatest producer of fine wool in the world.

THE SCIENTIST IN THE WORKS

Nobel Prize For a Chemist

It is perhaps not realised what a great amount of scientific research takes place in the laboratories of big industrial concerns. The popular conception of a man of science is a learned professor who works at one of the big universities.

This year's award of the Nobel chemistry prize calls attention to the industrial scientist. The prize went to Dr Irving Langmuir, a director of the American General Electric Company's laboratories at Schenectady. Dr Langmuir's researches cover many branches of science, but for the last ten years he has been interested in wireless. He has invented and improved many types of valves, including one of the highest power transmitting valves ever made. His work in this direction amazed Thomas Edison when he visited the G.E.C. laboratories.

A nitrogen-filled incandescent electric light lamp is another of Dr Langmuir's productions, and in 1927 he perfected a new method of welding which made it possible to melt and fuse metals which hitherto had been unweldable. For many years Dr Langmuir has been probing into the secrets of the atom, and these researches have greatly helped him in his industrial work.

THINGS SAID

Statesmen only talk of fate when they have blundered. Signor Mussolini

I am come to bring peace, not a sword.

Germany's New Chancellor

Nothing brings out the asinine element in human character more vividly than pride of race. Mr H. G. Wells

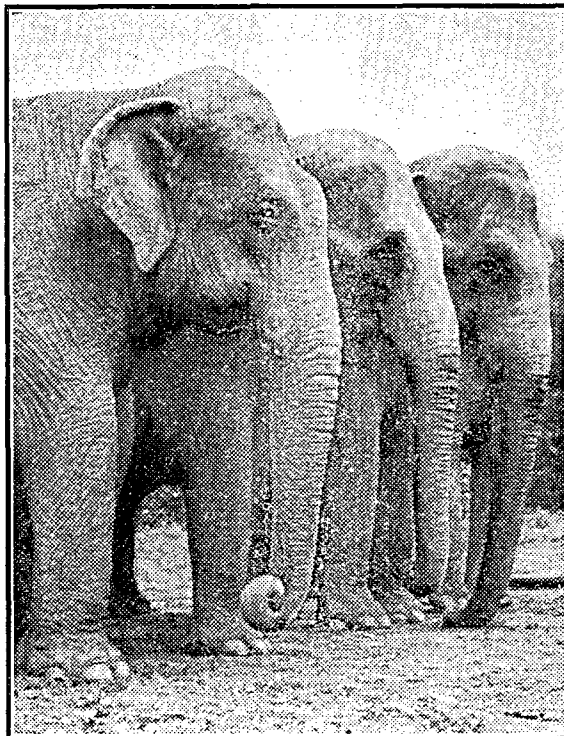
The undertakers may make excellent coffins, but why should these otherwise admirable gentlemen be employed to design our buildings?

President of Architectural Association

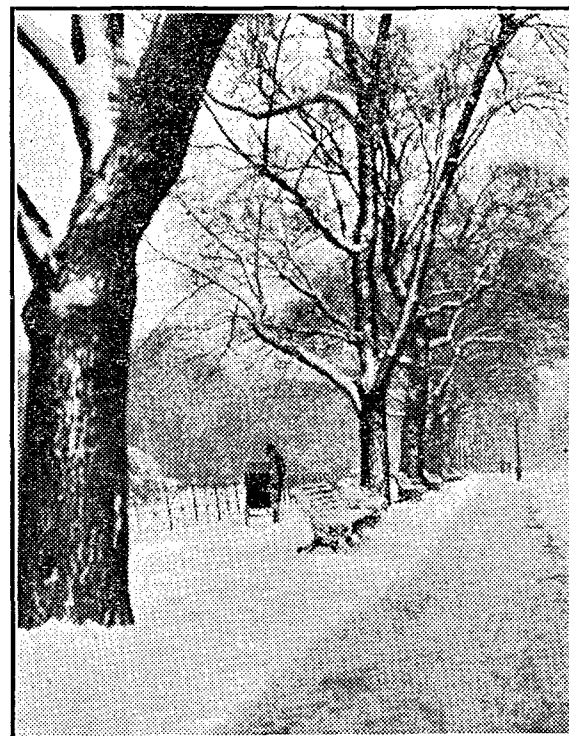
A WHIPSNADE TIGER · THE MERRY FRIAR · A REMARKABLE INVENTION



The Jumping Tiger—This tiger at Whipsnade Zoo tried to leap up the concrete wall of his pit. He soon found that his exertions did not take him far.



Trunks—The lower part of this picture suggests the trunks of trees in a forest. These three great elephants are at present paying a visit to London.



Winter—When snow comes to London it quickly disappears, from the streets, and the parks are almost the only places where white vistas are to be seen, like that in our picture.



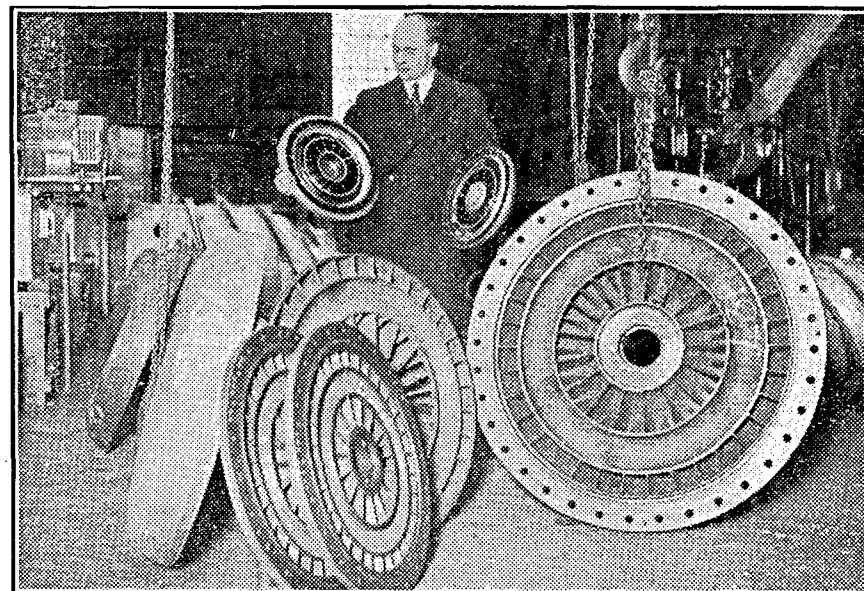
Hockey in the Dusk—This hockey match at Merton was finished in the dusk, a reminder that Saturday afternoon games must be started early in these short days.



Ploughing in Essex—There is something symbolical of the clouds which seem to hang over England's agriculture in this striking picture of ploughmen at work in Essex.



The Merry Friar and the Children—Here is a jolly scene from *A Forest Maid*, a new play by John Macdonald of Colchester which has been produced by the Brightlingsea Players. Friar Tuck is seen surrounded by a group of little people.



An Edison of Tomorrow?—Mr Harold Sinclair, here seen with his wonderful fluid flywheels which replace transmission gears, is one of the most remarkable inventors of our time. The giant couplings are for use in the Mersey Tunnel; the smaller are for motor-lorries.

GOOD AFTERNOON CHILDREN

One of the Best Christmas Sellers

B.B.C. STORIES IN A BOOK

Good Afternoon, Children. Hodder and Stoughton 5s.

One of the best sellers at Christmas was that glorious company of old friends come back in a new form to say Good Afternoon, Children; and we prophesy that it will go on all this year finding its way into thousands of homes.

Not long ago Uncle Columbus of the Children's Hour decided that it was high time to collect some of the most popular stories and plays which have given pleasure over the wireless to countless children and grown-ups and to make them into a book.

A Man With a Magic Pencil

He had very soon done this, and then, as he wanted to bring as much beauty as he could into the pages, he set out in search of a man with a magic pencil and a paint brush. He found the very man he wanted in Morton-Sale, who thought it great fun helping him, as anyone can see, and the result is the entrancing volume which gave our friend the postman a great deal of work on Christmas Day in the morning, and will give him much more, we believe, on New Year's Day till the evening.

Some of the stories are better and more convincing than others, but all are made entertaining by the illustrations, which are the best plums in the pie. The drawings of Larry the lamb, whose bleating voice can be heard in all his well-meaning conversation; the Old Man who lived in a cellar; Mrs Flittersnoop; Bummo the elephant; and especially the comic puppy-dog dragons, which are full of life and movement, will live in the memory of all the children who read this book.

Dragons and Princesses

Speaking of dragons puts us in mind of princesses. In *The Secret of Content*, which is sure to be a favourite story, there is a princess who is as beautiful as anyone could wish. The picture of her seated between two wolfhounds is one of the loveliest things in the book.

There are nonsense stories for those who like them, and a strange tale of a bus which refused to do what it was told on a fine spring morning, and took the passengers for a day in the country among the primroses and bluebells.

Many children will enjoy reading the little fantasy *A Packet of Jumbles*, which tells how Caravan Joe locked himself up by mistake in his gay little house on wheels and was rescued by Benny-rumple the squirrel, of whom there are some delightful pictures. There is also an Eastern story of Nasr Ed Din Haja, a wise man who was deceived into believing that he possessed a miraculous melon.

What Happened to Jack

Living Happy Ever After tells us what happened to Jack and his mother after he had climbed down the beanstalk with the magic harp and the goose that laid the golden eggs. Very nearly he married Lady Dahlia, the Baron's daughter, because Patty, his old country sweetheart, refused to leave her chickens and pigs and the new baby ducks. She scorned the rooms full of roses he offered her if she would come to town with him. That was not at all the same thing, she declared, as watching for the first rosebuds to open at home, which "be a grand event, seeing how we've waited so long for them."

Fortunately Jack caught hold of his chance of happiness before it slipped away for ever, and afterwards the sensible Patty took matters into her own hands. She exchanged the magic harp for a gramophone and somehow induced the golden goose to lay real eggs with yolks inside them instead of golden ones.

Kind Hearts Are More Than Coronets

At Christmas-time the C.N. likes to take a look round in other countries just for the pleasure of being reassured that the Christmas spirit is universal, making the whole world kin.

It would, of course, require a larger work than the Children's Encyclopedia to record all the kind and friendly acts in the world, but a few from unlikely, far-off villages do very well to show the sort of thing that goes on everywhere. This year our news comes from villages in Central Europe.

As the little deeds of kindness were done by children we will let the children tell of them in their own words.

Josef of Czecho-Slovakia

Josef Pospisil in Rousinov reports on old Bartak, a carpenter, who is over 80 years old. He says: He is too old to work. He is shaky all over. He gathers dry leaves from under the trees in order to have something to burn in his grate. In the garden were two withered old trees. We pulled them down, cut them up, and carted them off to old Bartak. He was very pleased.

Another Czecho-Slovak lad writes for his school in Porici:

We decided to bake buns and pies for the old folk, he says. The very next day the pupils brought flour, eggs, raisins, poppy-seeds, and butter, and the girls were able to set to work at once. The girls baked so many buns and apple-pies that we were able to distribute them to 23 of the poor inhabitants of the village. Some of the old folk were so pleased that they cried.

We now go to Weissbach in Germany. It is the senior class telling the story.

A glass-blower came to us from the Thuringian Forest. We were astonished at the short time it took him to make glass balls, a glass swan, and a glass crucifix while we watched. He told us of the hard times in his part of the

country. As the people have neither fields nor gardens they are especially badly off. We collected apples and pears, cut them up, and asked our mothers to dry them. A week ago we sent off nine barrels of dried fruit to our friends. At the fair we bought cake and white and black bread to send them. Three families gave us boots and clothing to send, because many of the Lauscha children cannot go to school for want of these things.

A little girl of the State Girls Home at Gleged in Hungary writes to some friends in Budapest about a strange Christmas wish of the girls in her institution.

We prayed to Jesus to send us a poor child as a Christmas gift, and we received one who was allowed to have her dinners at our Home during the Christmas holidays. We do the washing for a poor old man, and have made him a pillow for his bed.

Everybody's Christmas Tree

The schoolchildren of Gyor in Hungary decided that a Christmas tree would bring the most cheer to the most people. They decorated a fine tree, lighted it, and carried it through all the remote back streets of the town where families cannot afford a tree of their own. Then they bore it to the large public square, and kind-hearted people brought gifts, which they placed under it for children in need.

There are plenty of people always ready to assure us that the world is going to the dogs. But it seems to us that a world in which you have only to take the lid off half-a-dozen village schools to find things like these going on still has the strength to right itself. It means that the Saving Spirit whose birth we recognise on Christmas Day is alive, guiding life more widely than the sceptics dream.

RICH AND POOR TOGETHER

CHRISTMAS is one of Poland's most impressive feasts.

Polish children look forward for weeks to this holy night when such wonderful things are to happen. The day before Christmas everybody is scrubbing and brushing and cleaning. Village children get for once a very thorough wash. Many grown-ups eat nothing on this day, and children have potatoes baked in skin for lunch. It is not much, but enough to keep hunger away.

In the afternoon Mother lays the table, putting hay under the tablecloth in memory of the Child born in a stable. There are always a few more plates on the table than there are people in the house. These empty places are for the Departed and for anybody who might turn up. This night any beggar can knock at the door of any house and be sure that a place is waiting for him at the table. In some villages peasants open the doors before they sit to the

meal and call the spirits of the Departed to come and join the feasting.

Big sheaves of corn are placed in the four corners of the room to bring prosperity to the house. When the first star appears in the sky the whole family gathers round the table. They break the Christmas wafer and wish each other a merry Christmas. In rich households this is the only evening when masters and servants sit side by side at the same table.

After supper the family gathers round the Christmas tree to sing carols, and toward midnight all the bells begin to ring, calling people to the midnight Mass.

Here and there, while passing some stables, a child will pause for a little while and listen. It believes, what old people say, that at that moment those beasts which were at the manger—cows, oxen, and donkeys—can talk like humans for a little while. But, alas! only those who are without sin can hear them.

DO NOT BUY LUMINOUS DIALS

LONG ago the C.N. called attention to the terrible dangers in the preparation of luminous dials for clocks, watches, and other purposes.

The luminous effect is produced by painting with radium salts, and the process involves the exposure of the painters to the deadly emanations of radium. The painters are usually girls, and an official American report has condemned the industry, and suggested that the American Navy should hesitate before using luminous dials in connection with gun-sights.

We rejoice, therefore, that Lord Lee of Fareham has just called attention to this and other radium dangers. He pleads that radium should not be used privately for any purpose, but that this metal should be under national control.

In the meantime, while we are waiting for national control, let the public take note of the facts.

Anyone who buys a watch or clock with a luminous dial is assisting an industry which ought not to exist.

Let us think of the terrible fate of some of the girls employed at such work. So subtle and so permanent are the effects of radium that in some cases American dial-painters did not feel any effects until years afterwards. Infinitesimal portions of radium are sufficient to produce a most powerful effect and to break up tissues.

We shall rejoice to hear that the Government has acted in so grave a matter; meanwhile, we can all refuse to buy things which have been made at such a bitter price.

A LOST BOY FOUND

One More Wonderful Story of the War

A MOTHER PICKS UP THE RIGHT PAPER

From France comes a true-fairy tale of real life.

During 1918 a family had to retreat from the war area, and a little boy of three vanished. All efforts to trace him were vain in those confused times. His mother at last gave up hope of seeing him again; and spent many sad hours wondering what had happened to him.

Fourteen years went by. The other day she opened a newspaper and saw a photograph of a young man whose face was somehow familiar, and under the photograph were a few lines of print which made her cry: "It is my boy! He is found!"

The paper told how the young man had been parted from his family in the war. Kind-hearted soldiers had taken care of the little fellow, and petted him, but, of course, he could not go into the front line with them, and soon they left him at a hostel for Belgian refugees at Dunkirk.

The soldiers told the boy's story, but no one knew his name.

Afterwards he was adopted by a Belgian farmer, but lately there had been trouble with officials, who said that a Frenchman could not live in Belgium without being naturalised.

This brought to a head the boy's wistful longing to know his own people. For aught he knew they might all be dead, but luckily it is not so, thanks to the wonderful coincidence that the newspaper which told the lad's story chanced to come into his mother's hands.

MICHAEL AT THE STORES

By Our Town Girl

When the Christmas shops were at their grandest Michael went to see them. He couldn't go alone very well, as he was only three and a half, so he took a few friends and relations.

Michael and Father Christmas at the entrance to the toy department got on together simply marvellously, because Michael is one of those children who give voice to their great excitements and pleasures. Some people of Michael's age become shy, drinking it all in silently, when a thing is very real—a big thing, for instance, like Santa Claus or your first Zoo day or sea day.

So Michael looked high up into the bending, hoary face of Father Christmas in the big store and said: "How do you do? How are you, Father Christmas?" And: "Please I want a train that runs on wheels." He then told Father Christmas where he was spending Christmas Day, and his age; and when he left the stores he made a swift bee-line through the crowds to him once more, and, holding out a little hand, he said "Goodbye, Father Christmas. Perhaps I'll see you again one day."

Below the white bushy brows one saw such twinkling eyes; and the crowd standing around smiled broadly with pleasure. "Bless him," said a stranger.

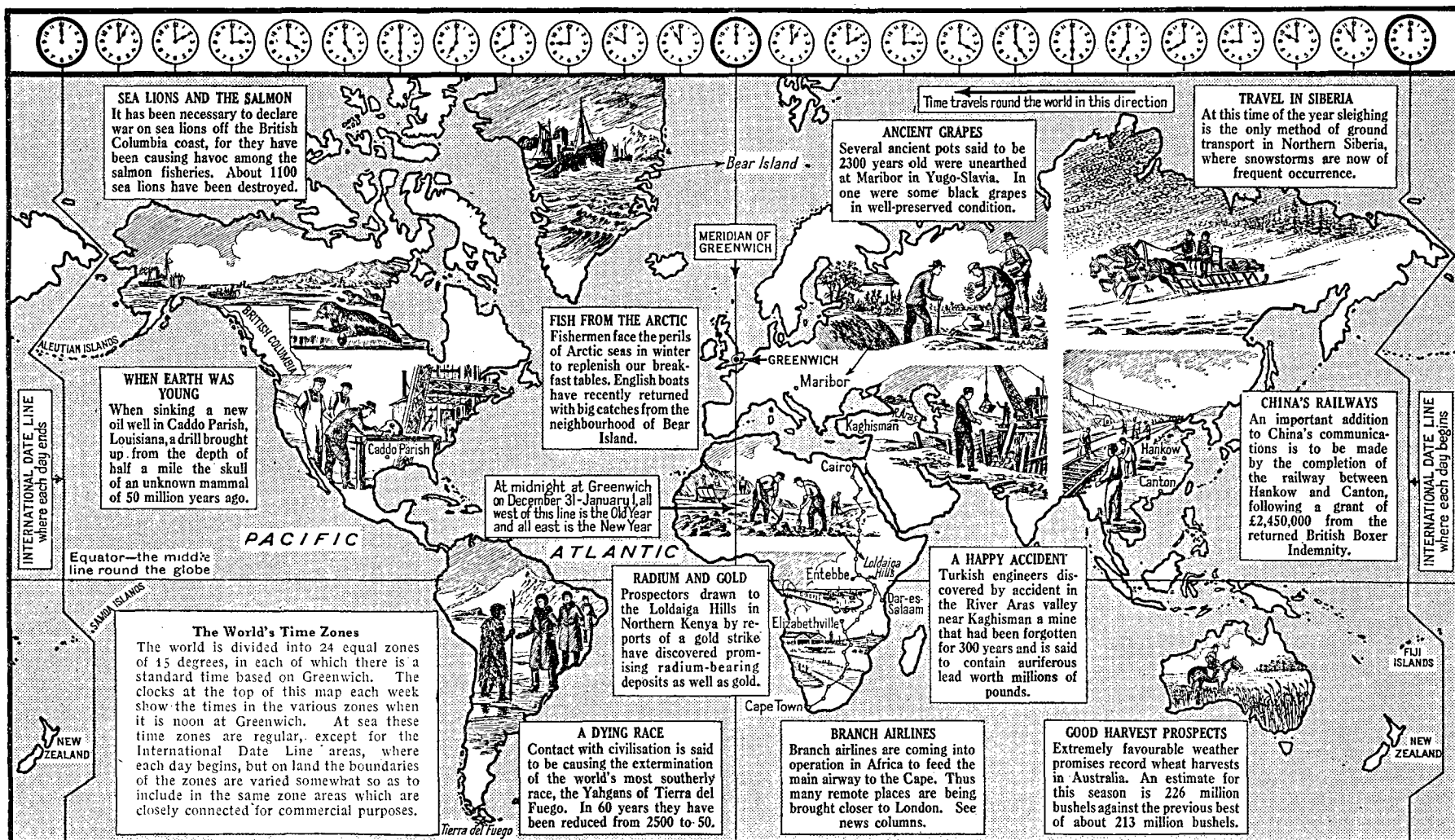
And Michael passed on, a symbol of the eternal child who looks up into the face of old Father Christmas as the years go by, his heart afire with faith.

MILLIONS OF TICKETS

The L.M.S. is having a census of its own. Stock is being taken of about 300 million tickets which are distributed over 2400 stations. Of this huge number Euston alone has roughly two millions.

This census is taken annually between November and February. Its object is to check the numbers of tickets on issue and to restrict unnecessary printing.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WHERE THE NEW YEAR BEGINS



CAPITAL OUT OF WORK Idle Money in 1932

The year 1932 has repeated the experience of 1931 for being a year in which capital was unemployed.

Capital, of course, consists of wealth employed to produce more wealth. Thus a railway, a factory, a power-station are familiar examples of capital, things embodied in such a useful form that with their aid labour can make more wealth still.

In the year ending with November the amount of new capital subscribed in this country was only £111,000,000. For 1931 the figure was £102,000,000.

How bad these figures are will be realised when we go back to the years from 1920 to 1930, and find the amount of new capital never less than £200,000,000 a year, and in some years twice as much.

We hope these figures will attract the attention of the Government, for the unemployment of capital also means the unemployment of labour.

THE CLUBLAND CHURCH A Cruel Joke On a Great Cause

Last week we were delighted because the Clubland Church of South-East London had been promised a large sum by an unknown person.

But that person has remained unknown, and the money has not materialised. It has proved to be one of several bogus offers that have been made lately, a cruel joke.

We are extremely sorry for the Rev James Butterworth and his Clubland Church, but we know that they are carrying on with their splendid work in spite of the disappointment; and one day we hope to hear that somebody has turned the joke into reality, and that the money they could so well do with is no longer only a promise.

Mail carried each year by British railways amounts to 25 million sacks of letters and 140 million parcels.

FIVE LITTLE FLAGS From Washington To Washington

Five Union Jacks have been sent from Washington in Durham to Washington in U.S.A.

They are emblems of the link between this little colliery village and America's great President. It gives these silk flags today; it gave its name to George Washington's ancestors 600 years ago.

For it was in the 14th century that William de Hertburn settled there and took the name of Wessington, and from him came the Washingtons of Sulgrave Manor in Northamptonshire, the family of America's first President.

The five flags were sent by the five schools of this colliery village, with Mr Frederick Hill, headmaster of Bid-dick School, as the leading spirit.

ON THE ROAD TO FAME

Miss Mary Shaw is only 26, but she has accomplished a great deal.

She has lately been appointed to take charge of the Egyptian and Oriental Department of the Manchester Museum, and she is the only M.A. Egyptologist in England.

She is the daughter of a science master at Hyde, near Manchester, and has gained her great knowledge of Egyptology almost unaided. She wrote a thesis on the position of women in Egypt for her degree, and it will soon be published by the University Press. Not only is she working for her degree as Doctor of Philosophy, but she is also writing a new Egyptian grammar.

PITY ME

The other day we were talking of the quaintest named village in England, *Pity Me*, and a Durham reader sends us this explanation of the curious name.

Many years ago, he says, the village was on the edge of a little lake, and Flemish refugees settling there called it *Petit Mer*, or little sea. Now it has lost its lake and its old French name.

But *Pity Me* need not appeal so humbly. We love it for its name alone.

A FRIEND UNKNOWN This Very Kind World

The Clitheroe Institution, Lancashire, has a fairy godmother—or godfather.

Since August, 1930, a letter has arrived almost every week: cheap Manila envelopes, addressed in delicate handwriting and containing money for the inmates "in grateful recognition of treatment received."

First came £39, then £17, £10, and now come regular gifts of ten shillings. The inmates are delighted, for the money has bought them a wireless set, and has given them unexpected treats, chief among which was a trip to Black-pool. If the money continues that trip may become an annual one. And the guardians can do no more than say Thank you in their minutes! *But they mean it!*

A BURIED CASTLE

Birmingham is digging up Weoley Castle.

The Corporation bought some land as part of a housing estate, and because it was known to be the site of Weoley Castle a few history undergraduates and other enthusiasts have been excavating the site in their spare time.

The remains of a fortified manor house of about 1300 have been discovered, and at one point the masonry goes 15 feet below the present ground-level. A great deal of painted glass and fourteenth-century pottery has been dug up.

Weoley Castle, or the remnant of it, stands within the city boundary, a strange relic of feudal days in one of the most modern towns in the world.

A TREE THAT IS NO MORE

Queen's College, Cambridge, has lost its famous walnut tree, 350 years old.

A giant fungus grew out of the trunk this year and led to the discovery that the tree was rotten and unsafe. Down it had to come.

No more will its branches shelter the crocuses in the spring. It will be sadly missed, and, what is more, a successor cannot be planted for at least seven years, till the ground is cleared of the fungoid growth.

BRANCH LINES ON THE AIRWAYS Bringing the African Wilds Closer To London

What happened many years ago to the railways is now happening to the airways.

Railway lines were first established between important towns, and as traffic increased branch lines were added. Although the Empire air routes between London and India and London and Cape Town have been in operation but a short time they have already been found of immense help to business. In the six months from April to September this year passengers on these routes were 50 per cent more numerous than in the corresponding period last year.

A large amount of goods and mail matter is also carried. Englishmen holding posts in India and Africa find the airways particularly useful owing to the great saving of time on the journey. A Transvaal farmer who recently visited London travelled by air both ways, his total time for the journeys being 20 days, compared with 38 days by any other means of transport.

As the airways are proving their worth branch services are being established to feed the main routes. In Africa more than a thousand miles of branch lines are now in operation. One of these services links Dar-es-Salaam, on the East coast, and other towns in Tanganyika with the main line at Nairobi. Another provides a service between Entebbe in Uganda and the main line at Kisumu; Elizabethville in the Belgian Congo is connected by air with the London-Cape Town service at Broken Hill, thus bringing the Congo within nine days of London. Other links are contemplated in Africa.

In India, too, there is a feeder service of more than a thousand miles, connecting the towns of Madras and Bombay with the terminus of the Empire air route at Karachi. See World Map

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 31 1932

To the National Government

THE C.N., in wishing the world a return to its old prosperity in 1933, has an idea it would like to present to the Government for giving us all a Happier New Year.

We present to the Government the idea that it is possible to pay men for doing something instead of for doing nothing. It is possible to end the tragedy of all this wasted manhood idling while there is so much work to do. It is possible to give these men back their pride and dignity and to save a multitude of boys from growing up like loafers.

If certain people have their way, and war breaks out in Europe, every man will be busy. It is untrue to say that Peace has no means of giving men work to do. Parliament wastes a great deal of time, and it was discussing an old C.N. idea the other day. We suggest that it discusses another, which is this.

Let us declare that every man receiving unemployment pay may be called upon to work it out. Let us draw up a plan of Emergency Work crying out to be done which nobody can afford to do, and let us use this Emergency Labour in doing it.

There are endless schemes of work that will not clash with anything. The country should be divided into Provinces, and schemes of work drawn up for every Province. The directors of these works should have power to call on any unemployed man to work out the equivalent of his pay. With labour free, thousands of things could be done which would add to the strength and wealth of the nation and give new life to our people; and the very doing of these things would give an impetus to trade.

It is not true that these men must be doomed to everlasting idleness. It is not true that we cannot afford to give them work. It is much better to spend a little more in getting something done than a little less in doing nothing.

In a village we know is a pile of derelict buildings, a pitiful sight on a glorious river bank. Week after week the State is paying a crowd of men in this place for doing nothing. It should ask them to pull these derelict buildings down, to clean the bricks, stack up the material, and shape the land for cultivation.

It is the same everywhere, while despair creeps over the world and the heart of many a man is broken.

Let us decide on work that can be done without much outlay of capital, and let us call on the men to do it, thus doing a good turn for the country and a good turn for the men, and setting the wheels running that will make 1933 a happy new year for our Motherland.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter. House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



New Year, Have Ye Aught Worth Knowing?

I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said:

*O years, that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?*
Tennyson

Viola in Her Garden

WE have heard of a garden somewhere in Surrey where, though flowers are flowers, they are something more.

For the lady of the garden, a sweet Viola herself, plants a flower for every friend she has, and if she finds herself disliking someone she plants a flower for that evening, and tends it with special care.

It seems a capital idea. After all, one cannot long feel angry with Mary Jones if she is represented in our garden by a little bunch of lobelia or a friendly-nodding hollyhock. Thank you, Viola.

Justice For All

AS there is to be a putting right of the national act of injustice to Warren Hastings, whose inscription is to be altered in Westminster Hall, may we ask that the Government will also set right the act of injustice to Cromwell, whose bones were thrown out of the Abbey by a king not fit to lace the great Oliver's boots?

It is believed that the remains of Cromwell are known, and we have said before that it is time to honour them and give a State funeral in the Abbey to Cromwell, our chief of men.

We believe in righting wrongs and in justice for all.

Why? Why?

DO we, because we were born in London, wish to destroy Birmingham or Liverpool?

Do we, because we have children of our own, wish to assassinate those of other people?

Why, then, because we were born in England, and love her, should we wish to destroy the other nations of the world and murder their inhabitants?

H. W. Austin, the tennis player

A Word For the New Year

Kingship and pomp and power
Are glories of an hour;
And tales of glories ended
Are tragic, although splendid.
But O, mine ever is the prize,
The love that dwells in children's eyes.

We shed soft tears to see
A heart in misery;
But hearts are happy here and bright!
For through the winter's gloom comes light

As from a million moons and suns,
The laughter of my little ones!
Estelle Boughton

What Was in the Parcel

A PARCEL that comes undone in the post does not sound a likely candidate for Peace, yet one came undone the other day and sowed a hundred good seeds.

It contained a bundle of newspapers called Pax, published by the Women's International League for Peace. At first the postman started to read idly and then in earnest. Before he had reached the paper's rightful destination he had read it right through, and was so impressed that he wrote to the Women's League headquarters and offered to deliver their leaflets regularly with his letters.

Now all the families on his round know of the efforts women are making to bring peace into the world.

Tip-Cat

THE egoist is next door to a fanatic, says a writer. Glad we don't live on the other side.

MUSICAL prodigies will not be kept under. At all events, not under the piano.

AN elephant can be heard bellowing at a distance of twelve miles on a still day. Just calling on a friend.

MOST girls can be pretty if they try, says a writer. And all can be trying.

A NEW type of motor-horn chirrups like a bird. Some motors we know have narrow squeaks.

EVENTUALLY motor-cars will be able to fly. The prices, too, will go up.

FAT people don't need so much sleep as thin ones. Because they are heavier sleepers.

A BALD man is not always intelligent, says a speaker. Not enough anyhow to know how to grow hair.

POLITICIANS discussing how to drive home a truth did not think of hiring a car.

A BOY lost a race the other day through tripping over a horseshoe. He was down on his luck.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MANSFIELD Methodists have banned raffles from all their bazaars.

PIT ponies have been dispensed with in over 1000 coalmines.

MISS EMMA STEVENS of Dunedin, New Zealand, has left £2000 to Dr Barnardo's Homes.

JUST AN IDEA

Do you cost the world more than you are worth?

Daniel From Devon

By Our Town Girl

ONCE upon a time Daniel had come from down Devon way.

Once upon a time he had been called Dan'l, and his mother had had a cottage where the roots of the roses sprang from the hard road which passed beside it and broke in ten thousand petals about the gabled windows and the thatched roof—where the fuchsias grew to strong trees, and the roads went uplong and downlong, and where little girls were li'll maids, and the country you lived in was Demsher.

Now Daniel is a porter at a rather inferior hotel toward the Edgware Road—not the kind of porter who wears shining buttons on a uniform. The only uniform the hotel can afford is a kind of chauffeur's hat, and Daniel finds his own suits. He cleans the boots and carries the coals and the luggage—although there is little enough luggage to be carried, for the hotel caters chiefly for hard-up commercial travellers who carry their own, and who make the tip they thus save go a long, long way.

And speaking of stations reminds us of something that Daniel sometimes does. Now and again, as is often the way with the strange folk called human beings, Daniel's dreams get too much for him. When the fogs come, or the dusty summer days, Daniel will think of the peat streams on the moor, of those roses, of his tan-faced brother rocking in Sally Jane in the harbour, the scent of the tossed-up seaweed; and Daniel will count his money.

Not enough to take him on an excursion even to Exeter and back, and Daniel's home is beyond that and beyond. It is almost beyond everywhere. It grew from the seed of a village scattered by the winds that flutter the honeysuckle, the corn, and the meadowsweet. But from that seed sprang the brown thatches, the red church, the patchwork gardens.

Daniel dreams of these, and what does he do? In his off time he takes a walk. He reaches Paddington Station, and there he stands. On the great trains that are going west are names that make Daniel's heart beat fast, beat as fast as the throbbing engines that are going to carry the people looking from those carriage windows, away—oh, far away.

Folk hurry by with be-portered, be-labelled luggage, with golden names on the labels. They look busy, eager, hurried—hardly anyone strolls to a train. And do you wonder at it? They are going to Demsher. Daniel stares and stares.

"One day," he says, "I shall be looking through a carriage window there—one day."

And the traffic thunders by unheeding Daniel, but he is whistling, happy with the hope that is ever in his heart.

A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things.
Jesus

CROSSING THE HIDDEN BOUNDARY

HOW TWO BOYS DID IT

A Marvellous Adventure Through the Dark Caverns

NEW CHANCE FOR THE PASSPORT NUISANCES

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Two Hungarian students named Joseph Szandrik and Hubert Kessler have just had a marvellous adventure, ending with an unexpected and romantic discovery.

They started out to explore the well-known stalactite cavern in Aggtelek in Northern Hungary. From its mouth emerges a brook named the Styx. They wanted to discover its source.

With two electric pocket-lamps as their only equipment they entered the cavern and started to wade upward against the current. Almost at once they left the daylight behind and moved forward, knee-deep in the water, through blackest night—a night which the occasional gleam of their lamps seemed to show peopled with weird-shaped monsters, petrified and yet, somehow, alive and menacing.

A Thrilling Swim

Closer and closer these twisted shapes pressed on them, as though trying to force them to turn tail; but they refused to be cowed and went on.

At last the channel of the brook became so narrow and the brook itself so deep that the only way in which they could advance was by swimming on their backs with their lamps held between their teeth—no small feat, working as they were against the current, with the jagged points of the stalactites almost touching their faces.

After what seemed to be hours the narrow tunnel through which the brook flowed widened, and they were able to get out of the water on to dry land. As they did so, their eyes were caught by some writing on the wall; a name, a date, and the one word *Domica*.

Open Air Again

Somewhat chagrined to find that someone had been there before them, they yet pressed on. To their surprise they found the darkness gradually lifting, and suddenly, instead of getting to the heart of the cavern as they expected, they were out in the open, gazing at green fields and cottages and trees waving in the sun.

They would not have been surprised to see a white rabbit with pink eyes running past and saying: "Oh dear, oh dear, I shall be too late!" But they were surprised to see men like themselves, who told them they were in Czecho-Slovakia and that the cave they had just come from was the stalactite cave of Domica.

They had, all unknowing, crossed the frontier underground and proved the surprising fact that the caves of Aggtelek and Domica were one, and measured about ten miles from end to end.

The Moral

Being unprovided with passports they turned and made their way back to Hungary in the same arduous fashion in which they had come, except that now the current was in their favour.

The moral their little adventure points is perhaps that of Nature's supreme unconcern with man-made frontiers, but it is a moral which man will fail, as usual, to take to heart; and if ever the Styx, which is the same brook that flows into the Domica Cave under another name, is made passable for motor-launches there is no doubt that frontier-stones will be placed to mark the underground dividing line between Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, where spectral-looking but extremely material officials will pounce upon and worry the life out of the innocent and unsuspecting wanderer.

ROSES IN DECEMBER

As the Old Year was drawing to a close an old friend in one of our provincial towns ended his long journey, and one who knew him sends us this note.

SYDNEY BUILDINGS is quiet tonight. One lies there who over a hundred years ago "drew from out the boundless deep" and has now turned again home.

Mr Robert Harden had passed the age of 103. The green slopes of the Mendips were dear to his heart, for he was a true son of Somerset and passed his life in the shadow of its hills. A great rider, he joined the Yeomanry at 15 and at all times delighted in a vigorous outdoor life.

Until three years ago he was regularly in his place at the parish church on Sundays, and we missed him when, a

year after he had reached his century, he had to give up his good lifelong habit.

On his 103rd birthday last May he received a greeting from their Majesties wishing him health and happiness. He also had a cake with 103 candles.

His memory was excellent. He could recall the first train to reach his native Bridgwater, and the days when elections were won by bribery. When he was a boy letters cost a shilling to send.

He had seen a world grown noisy; he had witnessed the march of mechanism; but he knew the truth of Barrie's words, "God gave us memories that we might have roses in December," and roses are blooming, in spite of the bitter east wind, in Sydney Buildings tonight.

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR



A Boy Scout heralds the coming of the New Year with a stirring call on a horn, an instrument which is rapidly replacing the noisy and often unmusical bugle in the Scout movement.

SUSAN SADLER DOWNS TOOLS

WHEN a Public Assistance Committee met the other day it was surprised to hear that the workhouse laundress wished to resign.

The pay was quite enough. There had been no complaints. Why should she want to give up a good post in these difficult days?

"What is the reason for this resignation?" demanded the Chairman; and the rest of the committee looked approving. People should not be allowed to give up work just when they thought they would like to. That was the trouble in this country. People no longer

knew how to work. The Dole had sapped their initiative. Now, in their young days . . .

But the Master of the Workhouse had stood up and was explaining. "You see, Mr Chairman (he said), this lady is 82 and feels she would like to retire."

It was like a burst of heavenly sunshine on a dull earthy day. Everyone was suddenly smiling and looking ten years younger, all because an old lady who had reached the age of 82 thought it time to have a rest.

Susan Sadler of Trowbridge, we wish you a long and happy holiday.

HIGH PRIEST OF THE SAMARITANS

WHERE JESUS SPOKE TO THE WOMAN AT THE WELL

The Strange Ceremony Still Surviving From Bible Days

ON MOUNT GERIZIM

The news that Isaac ben Amram, the Samaritan High Priest, has been buried on the slope of Mount Gerizim is of great interest to those who remember the words of the woman at the well: "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain."

It was his chief function to preside over the annual sacrifice, according to every detail of the Mosaic ritual, of the lambs for the Passover, which is celebrated by the whole Samaritan community camped for the purpose near the top of Mount Gerizim.

A New York minister, Dr Fosdick, who has witnessed this strange ceremony surviving from Bible days, describes it in this way.

The night I spent on Mount Gerizim as a guest of Isaac ben Amram carried the mind back across millenniums, to the Israelites of Joshua's time. The crest of Gerizim is an elevated plateau 2800 feet above the sea.

The Rock of Sacrifice

Here the whole Samaritan community, a company of from 150 to 160 persons, were living in tents. They move up from Nablus for a week to celebrate out-of-doors near the site of their former Temple. This is on the upper crest of Gerizim; the great Rock of Sacrifice where the altar rested still being there. This alone has been their holy mountain for centuries.

I had difficulty in believing all my eyes saw: the British Governor of Jerusalem sitting on Mount Gerizim by moonlight, while a few feet away the Samaritan High Priest performed the blood-sacrifice of seven lambs, handed down from his ancestor Aaron, set forth in the 12th chapter of Exodus.

The Smoking Altar

The ritual began at sunset. Forty old white-robed men, each with his prayer-rug, began long prayers within the rough stone enclosure. The smoking trench altar had been built of earth and unhewn stone: seven lambs were slain. After they were dressed they were carried on seven poles as a sacrificial offering and thrust into the earth oven to be roasted and consumed at midnight by the whole community. As guests of the High Priest we sat in his tent, while he talked about his religion.

His complacency, his sense of superiority, his certainty that these few Samaritans alone know the truth about God and practised it, was fascinating. The millions around him were forgetting the divine law; his little group of despised people were keeping it. Yes, he had visited London, Paris, and Constantinople; and always had tried with open mind to welcome truth; but he had come back to Gerizim, certain that his religion was so flawless as the Samaritan. He was as archaic as the sacrifice.

Passover at Midnight

The Passover was eaten at midnight. As the hour drew near the community gathered restlessly round the smoking pit from which the lambs were being drawn. The eating was hastily begun: a hurried, eager swallowing of the meat to represent the anxious, hasty meal in Egypt on that night long past, when the people fled from Pharaoh. The groups of men, women, and children, crouched round the pans, thrust in their fingers, snatched their morsels. It was a rapid, noisy meal; with two regulations observed for ceremonial completeness: no non-Samaritan might touch a mouthful and no remnants of the lambs might be left unburned. The sacrifice was completed, the shreds consumed, each tent marked with blood sprinkled from hyssop, each baby's lip touched with a morsel from the sacred meal.

OTHER TOWNS PLEASE FOLLOW

This letter has been signed by the mayor and seven chief citizens of Loughborough, where the bells come from. The signatures represent the churches, the schools, and the Rotary Club.

It is our desire to associate ourselves with the representative bodies of other towns in urging a more vigorous peace policy at the resumed Disarmament Conference. It is our confident belief that if the British Government will go into the resumed Conference determined to see that Germany's claims under the Versailles Treaty have just consideration, and that if the question of disarmament be pressed to a practical solution, it will have the best elements of the country behind it.

It is thought by some that during the past 12 months the League of Nations may have lost prestige. The signatories to this letter do not necessarily subscribe to this opinion; rather they desire to emphasise that the League of Nations is the only political instrument at hand to obviate a world-wide moral and economic collapse.

THE CHRISTMAS PROMS

A Christmas season of Promenade Concerts, beginning on New Year's Eve, has been arranged this year by Sir Henry Wood and the B.B.C., who are giving very attractive programmes.

During two weeks there will be two Wagner and two Beethoven evenings; also a Bach, a Handel, a Delius, and a Russian concert.

On January 10 Dame Ethel Smyth will conduct her Fête Galante suite for the first time in London.

Every night in the two weeks there will be something to delight and interest a music-loving child (there were many children to be seen enjoying themselves at the Queen's Hall during the Summer Season), from the age-old simplicity of Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel to the more sophisticated music of Vaughan Williams's London Symphony.

WANTED, MORE ELECTRICAL FARMS

According to the Oxford Agricultural Engineering Research Institute electricity has made but little progress on British farms; only 4000 are electrified, which means only one in a hundred.

There are many reasons for this. To make connection is costly, and we have no national electrical tariff. Different rates are charged in different districts, and often the price is prohibitive.

It is high time we had a national charge for electricity as for postage.

POLLY HAS A PASSPORT

One day a parrot cried out in the docks at New York: "Polly has a passport."

The curious thing was that this was strictly true, for every bird that enters the United States possesses not only a landing ticket but also a passport which is examined by a Customs official.

Dr Theodore Palmer, this official, signs every day more than a thousand passports for birds, which bring in regularly to the U.S.A. Treasury some 250,000 dollars a year.

A NOISELESS HAMMER

For some of us half the joy of using a hammer is the noise it makes.

A German inventor has produced a new instrument for driving in nails which may not be popular with boys but will doubtless be appreciated by grown-ups, for it works without noise.

The nail is placed in a metal channel through which it slides as pressure is applied with the aid of a handle.

FATE HAS A LITTLE JOKE

Our Town Girl has occasion to go at times by Underground, and travels in a third-class carriage.

But one day lately an old friend who saw her off bought her a first-class ticket. This was a serious event.

Feeling really grand she almost sailed down the stairs in no ordinary way. The next train, however, as is the way with next trains sometimes, did not come in for about five minutes, and then, out of sheer habit, the first-class ticket owner stepped into a third-class compartment and sat down. With horror the discovery was made. She was missing the chance of a lifetime!

So at the next station she changed her carriage.

But, alas! Fate must have donned its jester's cap. The rush hour had begun, for the first-class carriage was filled with messenger boys in hobnailed boots. As the traveller got in the looks on their faces said: Here comes another of us, travelling first-class with a third-class ticket. So that no one ever really knew how superior a traveller she actually was.

FRUIT CALIPERS

In studying the growth of fruit, especially peaches and plums, much difficulty has been found in making measurements of specimens which are not perfectly round.

These measurements are being made on a large scale while the fruit is growing on the tree, and a scientist of the Government of South Africa has invented a simple little instrument which solves the difficulty.

It is a very flexible steel band attached to a rod with a measuring scale on it. The band is slipped round the fruit and pulled tight, when the diameter can be read off on the scale.

SHEFFIELD IN THE NEWS

Sheffield is looking round to see where the use of her products can be extended.

It is believed that there is a great possibility in the coalmine, so two firms have installed special plant for the making of steel pit props and other supports used in collieries. Wood is the material generally used at present, and vast quantities of it are imported.

The City of Steel has recently turned out the biggest hollow forging ever made, weighing 66 tons. It is for use at very high pressures and temperatures in Trinidad where motor-fuel is distilled.

POVERTY WRITTEN IN MIGRATION

How world distress has made its mark on migration is shown by the Canadian returns. The great Dominion in 1913 received over 400,000 immigrants.

Even in 1930 the number was as high as 163,000. In 1931, however, it fell to 88,000, and in the year ended last March the number was less than 26,000. Thus we see the progress of the world brought to a standstill.

A WANDERING JEW TODAY

Mr Philip Lewis, an Australian Jew who adopted the Christian faith many years ago, has spent 34 years as a wandering evangelist, taking the Gospel into the remote parts of the Island Continent.

During his long experience he has covered 239,000 miles, and has never received payment, being content to accept any hospitality offered. He is now wearing his eighty-third pair of boots since he started his wanderings.

A Blackpool Group of Boy Scouts have worked 7275 hours, laid 3946 bricks, and excavated 3526 cubic feet of clay in building their headquarters.

IS IT REALLY A DICTIONARY?

Schoolchildren in this country would smile at the queer dictionary which is to be seen in a London bookshop dealing with Javanese, Malay, and Sinhalese literature.

The shop is conveniently situated opposite the British Museum in case Mr Ashley Gibson, who owns it, is puzzled about any of the treasures he picks up from time to time.

He took his Dictionary to Dr Barnett of the Oriental Books Department the other day. Nobody in this country would have called it a book at sight, for it consisted of a bundle of dried strips of palmyra leaf, about 16 inches long. On both sides of each leaf were four verses delicately inscribed in the spidery writing of Ceylon, each verse explaining a word or phrase in Sinhalese. There were 38 strips, tied together by a short string at each end, looped through a hole.

Dr Barnett placed the period of the book in the 18th century, and agreed that it really was a dictionary.

A GARDEN BOOK

Homes and Gardens of England, by Harry Batsford and Charles Fry. 12s 6d.

The stately homes of England are the subject of this delightful book, the seventh in Batsford's popular English Life series, which is doing so much to remind us that the beauties of England are inexhaustible to those who will seek for them.

Nearly 200 beautiful pictures, many the work of artist photographers, show us the development through the centuries of the English country house since the unfortified manor, consisting of a great central hall with lean-to buildings, began to take the place of the nobleman's castle fortress. The printed pages are as fascinating as the pictures, for they give us many an illuminating glimpse into the life of Old England.

THE COOLEST MAN

The coolest man in the world must be the hero of one of the true stories in General Seely's new book called *For Ever England*.

This cool man fell overboard in the Atlantic, 80 miles from land, in a heavy swell, and was picked up two hours later by a steamer which chanced to sight him. When asked if he had not endured agonies of anxiety he replied:

"Oh, no, sir. I'd learned to float. I knew I was on the track of ships. It seemed to me there was nothing to worry about. I just waited to be picked up."

If we could only face petty calamities in the way that this man faced disaster what a lot of wear and tear we should save our souls!

THE FIRST FIXED BATH

Miss Joan Sunderland has just said that the first fixed bath in England was "that queer little one at Hampton Court." She says that we owe it to William the Third. We had not realised that the fixed bath was so venerable.

For generations it was treated as a curiosity, and people are living today who remember how servants toiled up and down stairs every morning with great cans of water for the hip-baths that everyone used. But gradually the thing that was regarded as a luxury fit only for palaces has become a necessity, and there is a fixed bath in practically every house built today.

THIS WONDERFUL AGE

We can rise from our beds in England on a cold winter morning while it is still dark, and listen to an Australian describing a Test Match as it is being played on a hot sunny afternoon on the other side of the world!

ENGLAND, THEIR ENGLAND

We cannot resist finding a corner in our crowded pages for this letter sent from Australia to the Motherland via the Editor of the C.N.

In The Times which I have just received is a letter on the English countryside.

It warms the heart to read of the English flowers, the little English lanes that we remember; but there is a note in the letter which fills me with consternation. It is a note of fear. The writer is pleading for the life of that which we thought to be eternal. He speaks of losing the English countryside.

Oh, England, what are you doing to our England? Our hearts look forward to the day when we shall come half across the world to feast once more on your beauties. We whose grass is brown and withered, let us see the lush grass waving in an English meadow, let us pick daisies again as once we used to do. We whose roads are hard earth baked like granite, let us walk again on springy turf.

If people in England do not love their country, we do. We go to see her pictures, we read her books, we think of her as home. Take care of her, for we cannot do without our England.

ATHENS AND THE LEAGUE

Athens today has a Health Centre in full working order as a result of the assistance given to Greece by the League of Nations.

C.N. readers will remember that the Greek Government asked for the help of the League in reconstructing its public health service, and was glad to put into effect the plans drawn up by the League's Health Organisation on the advice of the experts who had made a detailed survey of the country and its needs.

This Centre now established in Athens is attached to the Prime Minister's office, an appointment made as a result of the League's plan. It contains six divisions, including one for the study of malaria, one for school health, one for sanitary engineering, and so on.

The Division for Hygiene is directed by Dr Norman White, who is lent by the League for three years and is well known for his mission to the seaports of the Far East which resulted in the establishment of the Singapore Bureau.

BETTER AND BETTER

The other day a passer-by in Budapest saw some engaging examples of the gentle art of attracting customers.

A furrier, who had apparently nothing but ordinary fox furs to offer the public, had thought to go one better than those who dealt in silver and blue foxes, and had tacked a card on each fur with the boastful legend: "Great Bargain! Golden Foxes Going Cheap!"

A little farther on the window of a small grocer's shop, filled from top to bottom with jars of amber-coloured honey, displayed a card with the short and sweet invitation: "Come and Share our Honeymoon!"

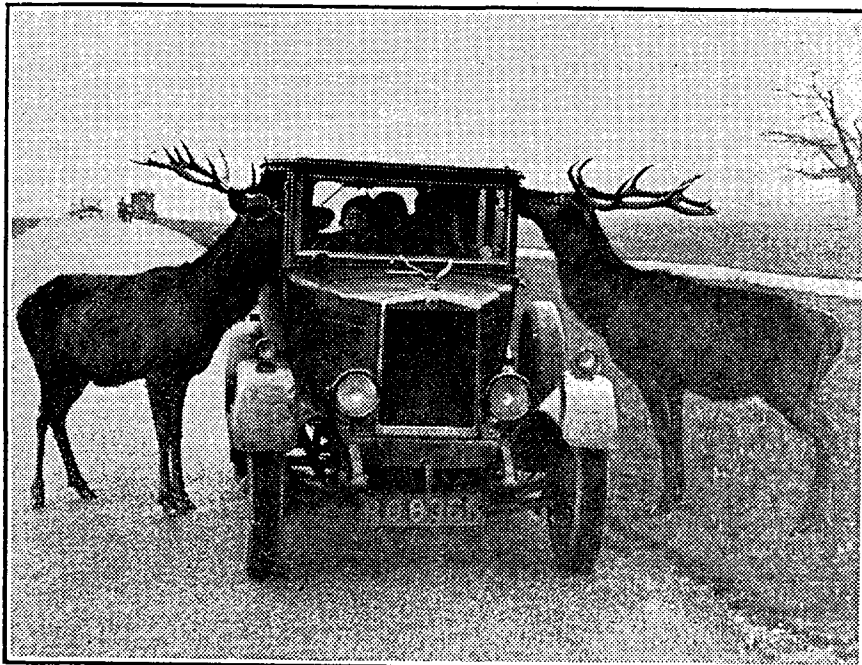
THE MONEY-BOX

The Institute of Cottolengo is in Turin, and is for orphans and old people to the number of 8000.

The curious thing about it is that it has no banking account or financial administration of any sort; there is simply a big wooden money-box of which the Father Superior has the key.

When money is wanted he goes to the box and hands it out. Sometimes the last penny is spent, but nobody becomes anxious, because at the last moment someone always puts something in the box; even up to £1000. If anyone leaves a legacy of houses or lands these are sold at once and the money goes into the box.

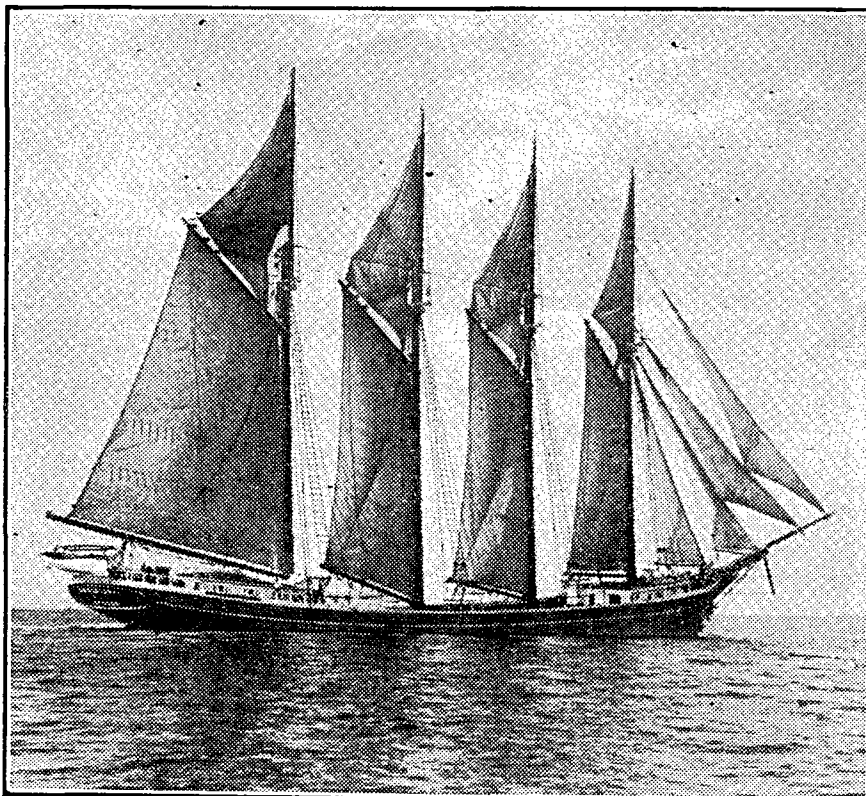
FRIENDLY DEER · MOSCOW'S NEW BRIDGE · SAILS AT SEA



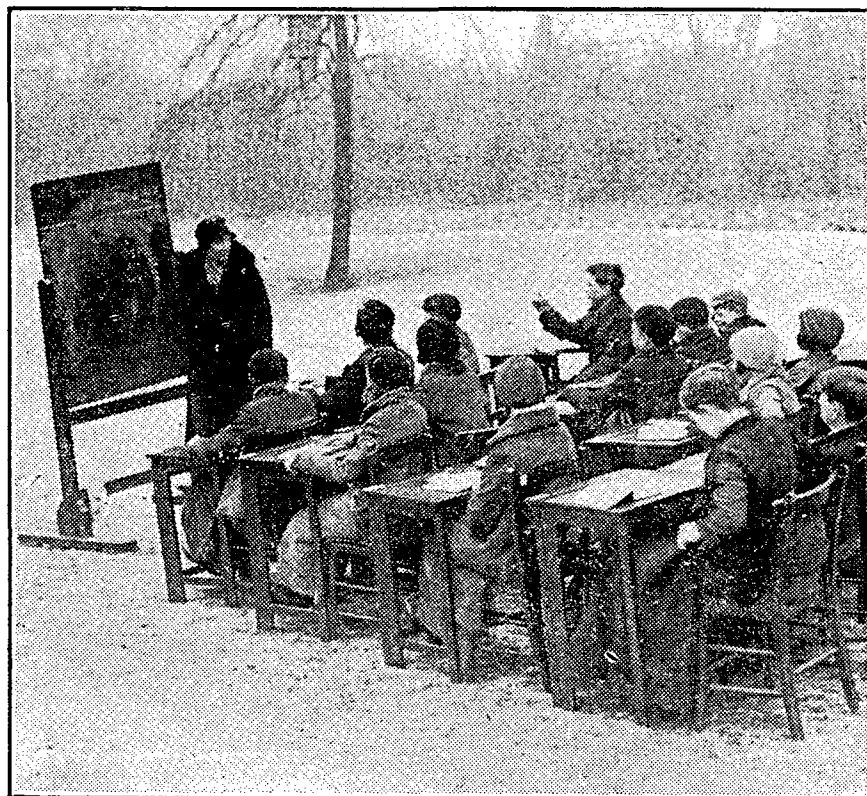
Friendly Deer—With the coming of colder weather the deer in Richmond Park are getting bolder. Some of them will even wander into the road and approach stationary motorists in the hope of successfully begging some tasty morsels.



Australian Mounted Police—This splendid action picture shows Australian policemen exercising their horses on their training-ground at Melbourne, the city where the second Test Match is being played this week-end.



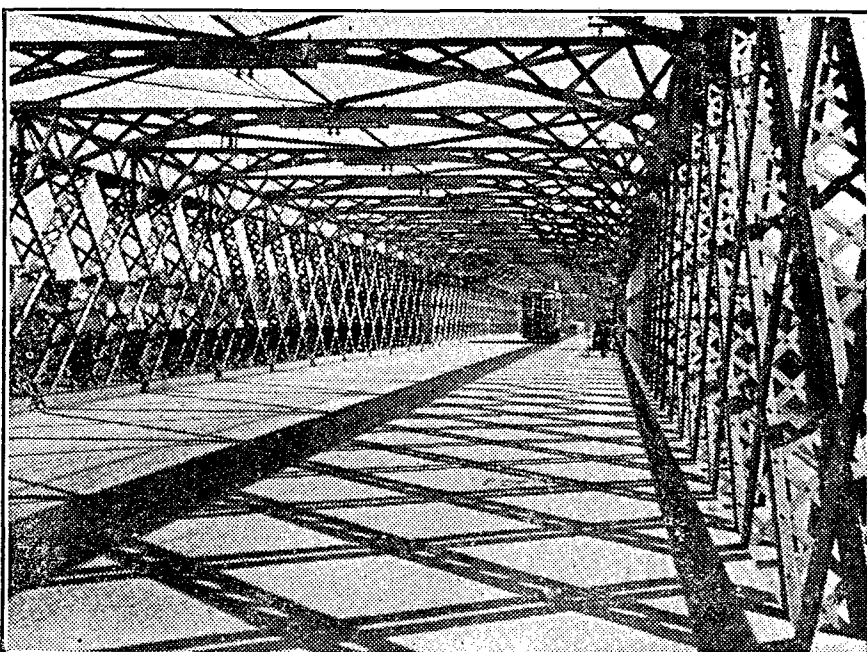
A Beauty of the Sea—The schooner Marthe L. Dohno of New Haven, Connecticut, in full sail. There seems to be far more romance about these old sailing ships than with the steamers.



Lessons in the Frost—Apart from the normal holidays lessons are carried on at the open-air school in St James's Park even when the ground is thickly covered with frost, as seen here.



Learning to Ride—These happy little people are keen to know all about horsemanship. They are learning at a riding-school at Berkhamsted. Here they are being shown how to measure the required length for the stirrup leathers.



A Weblike Bridge—The new Krimski Bridge in Moscow, which connects the city with the Soviet Park of Culture and Recreation, has a very curious appearance when viewed from either end, the strong shadows thrown on the roadway adding to the effect.

JACK GIANT-KILLER IN OUR TIME

TONY CEROCO CLIMBS
A ROPE

The Globe Encircled For a
Mispronounced Word

WITHOUT A PASSPORT

From a Paris Correspondent

Climbing the beanstalk landed Jack-the-Giant-Killer in a strange land where his life was only saved by the Giant's wife hiding him in her oven.

Climbing a rope landed Tony Ceroco, of Los Angeles, California, in New Zealand, and later in Paris, where our correspondent has been to see him in his good warm oven, hidden from the menace of the giant of the law.

The rope Tony climbed ran up the stern of the Swedish motor-ship Bullaren, in San Pedro Harbour, Los Angeles.

Before the Captain

Tony was out of work, and a friend had written him that he could have a job in a cannery 500 miles to the north. He asked some Swedish seamen where their ship was bound for, and thought they said Oakland, the nearest port to this possible job. Tony waited till midnight, then climbed aboard and stowed himself away in the engine-room. He knew it was wrong, but he said to himself: "I shan't take anyone's bed or food; the trip is less than a day."

Another midnight came round, and another dawn, and the ship was still chugging away. Tony was terribly hungry; he went out on deck to search for food. They seemed to be in mid-ocean; no land was in sight.

He was caught, of course, and taken before the captain, who was furious.

"What did you get on this boat for?" he stormed.

The boy said because he wanted to go to Oakland.

"Oakland where?" said the captain.

"Oakland, California," said the lad.

"Well, we're bound for Auckland, New Zealand," the captain informed him. There was nothing to do with poor Tony but put him to work with the sailors, scraping paint.

Police Wanted

As the stowaway had no passport or papers the captain was obliged to run up the flag which means Police Wanted when they neared New Zealand, three weeks later. The police took Tony off and told him to go to his Consulate and report his misdeeds.

Not caring for that, Tony applied for work on a sheep-ranch, and got it. Later, when it was learned that he had not done as he should, he was detained in prison to await deportation. But no captain would run the risk of taking him away, because he had no papers to prove to what country he belonged. He still has none, and that is why he has to stay close to his "oven" in Paris until some can be made for him in the correct, legal way. Only the Bullaren's captain felt reasonably sure that he belonged in America, so Tony had to wait till the Bullaren came that way again. He waited a year!

In the Oven

For some reason not very clear the Bullaren set him down on the coast of France, and told him to go to the nearest Consulate. This time he went. The Consul advised him to go to Paris and wait until he could get a passport. That night he slept on a bench. The next day, sitting outside the library, waiting for it to open, he met a lady doing the same thing. They fell into conversation, and he told her his story. She, too, was American. She asked him to dinner. At dinner she said that, as it was raining, he had better spend the night on her sofa instead of the park bench; besides, it would be very awkward if the police found him in France with no papers, no

OUR INSURED MILLIONS

Great Growth in 10 Years

FACTS OF MUCH IMPORTANCE

Year by year the number of our people insured against unemployment is counted, and the results are very important because they show not only the growth or decline of a great part of the working population, but also how particular industries are growing or declining.

In the last ten years the number compulsorily insured shows the astonishing growth of 1,322,200. Thus for every 100 insured persons in 1923 there are now nearly 115.

This is important because it reminds us that in bad trade we have had to provide for more workers. This largely accounts for the great growth in the number of registered unemployed. If we compare 1924 with the present time we find that in 1924 there were 11,073,000 insured and 1,125,000 unemployed, so that the number of insured persons in work was 9,948,000. In October, 1932, we get 12,580,000 persons insured, of whom 2,727,000 are unemployed, leaving the number of insured persons in work as 9,843,000.

Thus in October, 1932, the number of insured persons at work was almost as great as in 1924, but there were many more unemployed.

Rising and Falling Trades

A notable social fact is that in the last two years the number of insured boys and girls actually fell. Boys insured fell by 39,000 and the insured girls by 24,000. This is the result of the recent fall in the birth-rate.

This year there has been a decrease in the insured workers in some trades and again in others. Among the trades showing a decrease this year are notably shipbuilders, textile workers, workers in pottery, rubber, engineering, mining, iron and steel, and glass. Gains were shown by the number of workers insured in the following industries: the electrical trades, distributing trades, artificial stone, musical instruments, printing, leather, hosiery, and furniture.

Sad Case of Coal

Between July, 1923, and July, 1932, the number of insured persons in coal-mining fell from 1,243,450 to 1,044,830. The industry got rid of 198,620 persons.

But that is not all. Of those remaining a large proportion are out of work, the unemployed being 350,000.

Thus an industry from which nearly 200,000 members have passed out altogether still carries the burden of 350,000 unemployed.

It is exceedingly difficult to grasp what this means to our coal-mining districts, but we may dimly imagine how many homes have been broken up and how many important districts reduced to serious straits.

Continued from the previous column

funds, and no worker's permit. So that is Tony's oven, and he is still there.

Little by little proofs are being assembled that Tony is Tony. It has not been easy, because a kind Italian adopted him when he was small and he did not know his real name. As we go to press, the last strands of red-tape are being unwound, and in a very few days Tony will be able to walk about like a man with an established identity.

Meanwhile the good ladies who have taken him in are correcting the faults in his English, directing his reading and seeing to it that he learns French. In return Tony runs errands, beats the rugs, polishes the floors, and helps in the kitchen. In his spare time he is writing a record of his adventures in the hope that someone will buy it, so that he can pay his fare home. Tony has had quite enough of climbing the ropes of ships bound for Oakland, or Auckland, or any other odd spot.

A CLIPPER RACE

Wonder of the Long Ago

THE GREAT STORY OF THE SEA

The Safe Sea. By Sir Westcott Abell. Published by Journal of Commerce, Liverpool. 15s.

We have just been reading of something that makes us wonder in this Age of Wonders.

We send our trains from Edinburgh to Exeter, and they keep their time. We can fly to the Cape in about four days. We can send a signal round the world eight times in a second. We can put a voice in a box so that it will speak in a hundred years. We can send a picture across the ocean in time for the evening paper. All this we can do.

But what we have been reading is of two old clipper ships which sailed from China to London long ago with nothing but the wind to drive them. They left together, they sailed over 16,000 miles, and they arrived within eight minutes of each other.

A Tale of 12,000 Years

We found this story in Sir Westcott Abell's book of the sea. Nothing could be better of their kind than these 264 pages about ships and shipping; the types of ships and their structures, sea laws and sea history, and the great story of making the sea safe. It has been one of the greatest stories in the world, a tale of 12,000 years with records for 8000, as Sir Westcott Abell reminds us.

Very thrilling is his fine chapter on the Sea Spirit, which reminds us that in the Great War there was never a pressed man at sea, whether for sweeping for mines, for tramp steamers carrying munitions, or for anything else.

We congratulate Professor Abell on bringing together so much that is useful and fine about the sea and the ships that have made us what we are.

HOARDS OF COINS

Savings of Five Reigns

Two men digging in their gardens have unearthed hoarded treasures centuries old. One of these lucky finds was at Selsey in Sussex; the other was at Elland in Yorkshire.

The Selsey discovery was a pot containing nearly 1000 coins. An inquest was held and the coins were shown to the authorities at the British Museum. They were found to be Roman coins, some of them of the fourth century.

Many coins and some fine pottery have been found before near this village on the Bill which for centuries the sea has been nibbling away.

The Romans had a fort at Pagham Harbour close by, and considerable trade was done between this corner of England and the Continent.

The new find may represent the savings of some Roman trader who lived here 1500 years ago.

An earthenware pot also held the treasure found at Elland. Here there were 1107 silver coins minted in the reigns of Edward the Sixth, Philip and Mary, Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First.

Someone had been saving up for a rainy day that never came.

Most of the coins were sixpences, then came shillings, and there were only 142 half-crowns. The face value of the coins was £57 9s 6d.

What pinching and self-denial went to the saving of this comparatively small sum! But no doubt someone got no end of satisfaction in thinking that, no matter how badly things went, there was something in the garden to save him or her from a pauper funeral.

HIDDEN TREASURES OF OUR CHURCHES

ROMANTIC DISCOVERY
AT LITTLE MISSENDEN

One of the Finest Wall
Paintings in the Country

FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ART

Seldom has a stone wall hidden so much romantic history as at the small church of Little Missenden, tucked away among a group of ancient houses in the Chiltern Hills.

About a year ago the continual brushing of the plaster walls began to reveal traces of colour which were eventually discovered to be paintings made at the beginning of the 14th century—about the time when Edward the Second was fighting desperately to retain his power over his nobles.

After Six Hundred Years

Today a visitor to Little Missenden, after walking through the timbered porch, is met by the sight of one of the finest wall paintings still existing in the country. It is a figure of St Christopher, about nine or ten feet high, holding the infant Christ upon his arm. To indicate that the saint is standing in water there are wavy lines crossing his feet and fishes are shown in the foreground.

The painting is in two colours, red and yellow, which have lasted 600 years so well that we are still able to pick out all the details of the faces and clothes of the figures and the position of the Child Christ's hands: one with two fingers raised to bless, the other holding an orb.

To the right of this gigantic painting is a series of smaller panels showing the history of St Catherine of Alexandria. Five of these only are at all clear, but they include one of interest which shows the wheel with which the Emperor Maximinus had meant to torture her being shattered by the sword of an angel, and falling in pieces upon the heads of the heathen mob.

St George and the Dragon

The emperor himself is shown putting out his tongue—in disgust, we suppose, at the failure of his cruel designs. These are thought to be slightly earlier than the painting of St Christopher.

Buckinghamshire is full of treasures of this sort. At Broughton, north of Aylesbury, is a splendid painting of St George and the Dragon with the maiden standing in the background. The dragon has a head at both ends.

There is also in this church a picture of St Helena, the mother of Constantine, standing with the True Cross that she is supposed to have discovered, and beside her the figure of St Dunstan, the patron saint of smiths, whose tools are shown on the wall.

There is no doubt that if only we brushed off some of the plaster in many other churches in this county we should find many hidden treasures.

THE TRUE EAST END

Mr Thomas Burke has just written a book called *The Real East End*, and it might almost be called *The Praise of the East End*, because he defends it so doughtily against the legend that it is a haunt of degradation.

For the most part East Enders are brave, busy, honest, happy folk.

"If it is crime you want," he says, "... you must look elsewhere. There is today no 'crime quarter'.... Study police-court reports for a few days, and note the addresses of the smash-and-grabbers, the hold-up men, the car-thieves, the burglars. You will note very few East End addresses."

Many a doctor, parson, and social worker has known all this for a long time, but it is good that it should be told to the rest of the world too.

OUR DAILY CLIMB TO THE SUN

Like Being Carried Up and Down a Great Mountain

SOME CURIOUS FACTS

By the C.N. Astronomer

We shall be at our nearest to the Sun on Tuesday next, January 3, our world being then 91,346,000 miles away, that is, from the centre of the Earth to the centre of the Sun.

So actually the nearest part of the Sun's surface to us on that day (the middle of his sphere) will be but 90,914,000 miles from us. This is because the Sun's diameter is 864,000 miles, and therefore the nearest point on his surface must be nearer by 432,000 miles than the centre.

Owing to the intensity of the light from the Sun's glowing surface his globe appears to the eye as a flat disc, but seen



Our daily ascent toward the Sun on a summer's day and in mid-winter. The arrows show the direction

through an astronomical telescope, with the brilliant light sufficiently subdued by means of a prism, the Sun is seen to be a ball with the circumference obviously farther away than the central portions of its surface.

All astronomical measurements between celestial bodies are taken from centre to centre. Measurements from the surfaces of spheres are impracticable, because they are always different as between different parts of a sphere, and also because the surfaces of revolving spheres are continually changing relatively to one another.

These simple facts give rise to some curious experiences. For instance, owing to the position we occupy upon the surface of the Earth the Sun is always nearer to us at midday than at any other time. This may amount to nearly 4000 miles between sunrise and noon in the equatorial and tropical areas of the Earth. It varies as higher latitudes toward the Poles are approached.

In the latitude of England the difference will amount to about 3000 miles between sunrise and midday in the summer-time, when it is greatest, and not much more than 750 miles in mid-winter, the amount being considerably less in Scotland.

What happens to us, therefore, during a summer morning is that the Earth, as it were, carries us up a great mountain-side some 3000 miles high and at an immense speed toward the Sun. It is more or less according to latitude and the time of the year, so in winter the mountain is not much more than 750 miles high, and it is climbed in about four hours instead of eight, in not nearly so steep a gradient.

Where We Are Going

The speed at which the Earth is carrying us in the South of England is about 700 miles an hour, and in Scotland about 600 miles. But we are not being carried direct toward the Sun at this rate but at different angles or inclines, as shown in the picture, where the arrows indicate the direction we are going, as seen from above the Earth.

At about noon we are at our nearest to the Sun and then the Earth begins rolling us down the other side of her mountain-hemisphere and at just the same speed. Now, while this daily ascent and descent relative to the Sun is taking place, the Earth-mountain is being carried bodily round the Sun, and after January 3 it will recede from the Sun, and continue to do so until July 2, when the Earth will be 94,454,000 miles from the Sun's centre. G. F. M.

BETTER TRADE

Exports Up in November

British exports this year have been running at the rate of roundly £30,000,000 a month. Sometimes the figure has been a little less than this, sometimes a little more.

In October, however, the figure rose above 30 millions and the November returns showed 31. This figure, however, is still a little less than that of November last year, and if we take the last three Novembers we get the following record:

November 1930	..	£44,057,000
November 1931	..	£31,863,000
November 1932	..	£31,094,000

Imports in November also showed some recovery, but are still much less than in recent Novembers.

It is of deep interest to see how the imports and exports of manufactures have moved in the last three Novembers:

November	Imports	Exports
1930	.. 22 millions	33 millions
1931	.. 29 millions	23 millions
1932	.. 13 millions	22 millions

It will be seen that in November, 1931, our exports were actually much less than our imports. Owing to the tariffs a great change has taken place, and now our exports of manufactures are very much greater than our imports.

MRS KENDAL BELIEVES IN FAIRIES

We were listening the other day to Dame Madge Kendal saying some charming things, as she so often does. We used to hear them before the C.N. was thought of.

She spoke of books, fairies, and tiny things. To have a love of tiny things, she said, enlarges our minds. Also she said she hoped the Christmas fairies would put all kinds of lovely thoughts into the heads of such people as Mr MacDonald and Mr Baldwin.

England, she thinks, is very nearly a fairy country. To begin with we have a King and Queen who daily tell us what we ought to be like, and we want to pray for fairy politicians who will help us to cultivate peace, goodwill, cheerfulness, and content.

Dame Madge ended her smiling little speech by saying that when she was a little girl her father had some words framed and hung up in her nursery. They were:

Godly you should be.
Cleanly you must be.
Cheerful you shall be.

And so we pass these three lines on, after all the years that have gone since they were hung up in the nursery, because they are still as needed as ever they were in this sad but lovely world.

GOODBYE TO AN OLD FRIEND

In Mexico City a curious funeral was announced a short time ago, when the funeral agency of Eusebio Gayosso printed and circulated notices, bearing a cross and a black border, which stated:

On the 24th of November, 1932, at 17 o'clock there will cease to exist for public service the tram drawn by mules on the Granada car route, the last survivor of the system of animal traction in the Federal District.

To take loving leave of this humble and loyal little tram, which served the public for many years, solemn funeral ceremonies will take place on the above 24th day at 17 o'clock; at the terminal of Granada Street. From there the deceased will be conducted to its last resting-place. We respectfully invite you to be present at the funeral. Signed, The Mourners. Please abstain from sending floral offerings.

The Mexico City newspapers have also published this announcement, adding that the local fire brigade and many people living in the district of Granada Street would be present.

ONE MORE MAN DOES IT

There is Always a Way
THE OUT-OF-WORK PROFESSOR FINDS A JOB

Would-be students staying at home because money is scarce and would-be professors with nobody to teach in a country teeming with plenty seems a ridiculous situation to Dr A. C. Hill, once Professor of Economics at Springfield College, Massachusetts.

If the ideal university was a great teacher on one end of a log and a pupil on the other he had all the ingredients. It only remained to assemble them.

Dr Hill talked his idea over with Mr Castle of the Department of State and Dr McCracken of the American Council on Education, and both agreed it was sound. He then found two big manor houses and an abandoned town hall in Port Royal, Virginia, all to be had for the proverbial song, invited 20 unemployed professors to come and live in them free of charge without salary, and looked about for 100 able-bodied students obliged to spend less than £75 a year for lodging, food, and instruction.

The Riches of the Mind

Thus a new institution of learning was opened which is a true spiritual descendant of the groups which gathered around Anselm and Abelard, Duns Scotus and Roger Ascham, caring nothing for the poverty of their purse if they can win the riches of the mind.

For exercise there is housework, for there are no servants; and for sport there are hunting and fishing to supply the table. All the elaborate side-shows of the American college system have been done away with, and the students are back again with the essentials of living and learning.

KIND MR RUDE

Man With the Wrong Name

At Denver in the United States many years ago a little boy wandered about the town begging for scraps of food.

He probably knew that his mother would not like her neighbours to know that they were half-starving, so he pretended the meat was for the dog, though nowadays, when he tells the story, he says "I was the dog."

This boy had enterprise and ambition. When he was grown-up he started a clothing store and made a fortune, and because he knew so well the grim meaning of the pinch of poverty he was determined to do something for as many as possible of his poorer neighbours. So every Christmas he gave a dinner for needy people and distributed clothing among hundreds of them.

Strangely enough his name was Mr Rude, although he seems to have spent his life in being kind. This year he showed yet more thoughtfulness for others. He gave his party a month earlier, so that the poor people might be protected earlier in the winter from the cold weather.

The more the merrier seems to be his motto, and 12,000 of the poorest people in Dallas, Texas, walked through his clothing store on Thanksgiving Day, receiving gifts. A clerk chose for each the garment which seemed to be most needed, and nobody went away empty-handed.

The wheel of life goes round in strange ways. We wonder whether, if Mr Rude had never experienced the pinch of poverty himself, those 12,000 people would have been given this happiness and good cheer.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aggtelek	..	Og-tel-ek
Hypatia	..	Hy-pay-she-ah
Maximinus	..	Mak-se-my-nus
Nablus	..	Nah-bloos
Vallombrosa	..	Vahl-lom-bro-sah

THE TWO M.C.Cs

Where the Second Test Match Will Be Played

A TALE OF THREE KOOKABURRAS

This week-end the M.C.C. cricketers are playing the second of this year's Test Matches on the ground of another M.C.C.—the Melbourne Cricket Club.

The Melbourne club has one of the finest cricket grounds in the world, and it is well known to the English players, who have played two games there during the present tour. The first of these, against Victoria, the M.C.C. won by an innings and 83 runs. The second game, against an Australian Eleven, was drawn.

Learning By Experience

The M.C.C. tour has so far proved to be a triumphal progress, but the early successes do not by any means indicate that Australia is beaten. Although she lost the first Test at Sydney by ten wickets, her players will have profited by their experience, and it will be surprising if they have not found some method of dealing effectively with England's fast bowlers before the second Test begins. The bowling of Larwood has been particularly effective. This was the case in the first Test of the last tour, but after that game the Australian batsmen knew how to deal with his rapid deliveries.

In the Australian eleven for the second Test Match Don Bradman is likely to make his appearance, and the Melbourne ground has been the scene of some excellent Test play by Bradman. He made 351 runs in three completed innings on this ground in the last series of Test Matches.

Among the other probabilities for Australia's side for this week-end are L. P. O'Brien and R. K. Oxenham, replacing Kippax and Nagel, who were rather disappointing in the first Test. The M.C.C. team may be altered by the inclusion of Duckworth in place of Ames, and perhaps Tate for another bowler.

Loud Laughter

An amusing story is told of an incident during a Test Match many years ago on the Melbourne ground.

Australia was batting and the first man, of whom great things were expected, was dismissed for a duck. The huge crowd was dumbfounded, and remained silent as the batsman walked toward the pavilion. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of loud, derisive laughter. It came from three kookaburras—laughing jackasses—who were perched in a high tree overlooking the ground.

The effect was wonderful. The batsman turned and raised his cap to the birds, and the fieldsmen and the thousands of onlookers were convulsed with merriment. Hopes were raised, confidence returned, and the next man in made a big score.

That was in the days when tall gum trees surrounded the ground. Today Melbourne is a big city of more than a million inhabitants.

KEEPING YOUNG

It is pleasant to know that Dr Hermann Christ, the well-known botanist, is quite well and has no intention of giving up his work.

He has just celebrated his hundredth birthday, but his friends the plants have kept him young.

His work has brought him other friends, human friends, who live in many different countries and who probably do not realise his great age. They will be as glad to hear of the happy centenary party as his neighbours in Basle.

To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol
From Ugly Stations

H.O.W.

AN EXTRAORDINARY
WINTER FOR THEMA Cheshire Cat Calls on the
Editor of the C.N.

WHO WILL BE A H.O.W.?

Has anyone noticed what an extraordinary winter it is for H.O.W.?

One of them came into the C.N. office the other day, a very fine specimen about six feet tall, and he was wearing a curious badge in his coat.

We said: "How are you?" and he replied: "Are you a H.O.W.?" Which was very awkward, as we did not know.

"A H.O.W. is a Helper of Wonderland," he explained.

"Oh," we said. "Oh, yes. Quite."

Slowly there spread over his face a grin that we seemed to recognise.

"Why, it's just like the Cheshire Cat's!" we cried.

"I am a Cheshire Cat," he replied. Whereupon we rang all the bells for all the office boys, especially the one who caught a bag-snatcher the other day.

A Wonderful Ward

But their protection was not needed after all, for the visitor began to explain everything, and soon we were determined to be a H.O.W. ourselves and make all C.N. readers H.O.W. For these letters stand for the Helpers of Wonderland, who are building a ward for children at St Mary's Hospital in memory of Lewis Carroll. His Alice is to be the patron of it. A charming old lady now is the original Alice, whose full name is Mrs Alice Hargreaves, and she is delighted to be connected with another Wonderland, a Wonderland Ward where, in the words of the H.O.W. song:

The thin grow fat and the weak grow strong,
The pale grow pink and the short grow long.

The Secret Rules

Besides a song of their own the H.O.W. have a lot of rules, so secret that they have to be written in looking-glass writing. For instance, if you see a small girl at a party about to take the last cream puff and then suddenly stop as a small boy points to his badge and helps himself, you will know that she is only an ordinary H.O.W., but he is a Cheshire Cat H.O.W., having got five other people to join. For you must know that one of the rules is that if a Cheshire Cat be present and food containing cream, such as ices or trifle, be on the table, all ordinary H.O.W. must wait till the Cat can clearly eat no more before helping themselves to what is left (if any).

We have with great difficulty transcribed this rule from looking-glass writing, with the aid of the typist's mirror, because of its extreme urgency and importance.

How To Become a Member

With Christmas parties in full swing it is obvious that if one does not soon reach the stage of Cheshire Cat one is in for a pretty thin time.

There is a great deal more in the H.O.W. book of rules. All dogs, for instance, must be put on the lead while two Cheshire Cats are talking. But we must not give away all the secrets. Send your shilling today and become a member, and then you will get your badge and the booklet with the H.O.W. song and its tune and the rules. You will get the Cheshire Cat badge and privileges (extra cream and so on) if you collect five other members, and, if you persuade 25 to join, a special copy of Lewis

TIME IN HIS POCKET

The Iron Duke's
Politeness

It was announced the other day that a thief had taken from a private house some jewellery, including a gold watch "made for the use of a blind person and said to have been owned by the Duke of Wellington."

Why was the watch supposed to have been made for a blind person? Because it had a hand outside. Now the Iron Duke was not blind, but he was polite. *He had the watch made so that he could know how long an interview had lasted without openly looking at his watch.*

At a dinner-party given in London more than 40 years ago the gentleman who then owned the Duke's watch pulled it from his pocket and told its story. To his surprise a fellow-guest produced its twin. Somebody had seen the Iron Duke's watch at the watch-maker's, admired it, and told the craftsman to make him another. It was his great-nephew by marriage who carried it at the dinner-party when, by so strange a coincidence, the two watches met again.

It seems a pity that the Duke's watch should not be in a museum as a memorial to politeness.

BEAUTY FOR BECCLES

Who Will Win the Doctor's
Five Pounds?

A doctor in Beccles, Suffolk, has had a splendid idea.

He has offered a prize of five pounds to whoever makes the most artistic improvement to the town during the coming year.

The object is to make this Elizabethan borough at the edge of Broadland even more attractive than it is. A weather-cock, an inn sign, a chimney-stack, a wrought-iron gate—anything may win the five pounds. A resident who repainted the shield and coat-of-arms on the ancient Grammar School building would have stood a very good chance of winning the prize if the competition had been running this year.

The doctor himself lives in a charming old house, with Dutch gables left by the Flemish weavers who settled in East Anglia. No wonder he is so ardent a lover of the beautiful. We wish many more who love beauty and are proud of their homes would offer similar prizes.

Continued from the previous column

Carroll's Alice in Wonderland with the original illustrations will be presented to you by the Head Cheshire Cat.

If through the C.N. enough members join to equal £500, then a cot in the Ward will be known as the C.N. Cot. The whole Ward is expected to cost about £20,000, for it is to be a real Wonderland Ward, where children will be made happy as well as healthy. The walls are to be tiled with coloured pictures from the original book. Five shillings will pay for a tile, and fifty pounds for a panel of such tiles. On certain days in the year H.O.W. will be allowed to visit the Toy Room of the Wonderland Ward, where they will meet the Dormouse and the Carpenter and many other of Alice's friends and acquaintances.

Now—are you a H.O.W., or how long are you going to be before you are?

All shillings (or more) should be sent to the Secretary, H.O.W. League, St Mary's Hospital, London, W.2. Write your name and address clearly, and enclose a three-halfpenny stamp for postage, when you will receive the badge and booklet and will become a H.O.W.

HIS MASTER'S WILL

A Horse's Memorial

Gloaming must have been a precious horse, for his owner left directions in his will as to his care and maintenance.

He also directed that at Gloaming's death he should be buried at Teviotdale, and a headstone of durable material, suitably inscribed, should be erected over the grave at a cost not exceeding £500. Gloaming's owner, who has just died, was Mr George Greenwood of Canterbury, New Zealand, a wealthy sheep farmer.

It seems somehow strange when an old animal friend outlives one of us, for, gifted as they are with so few years, it is not often that they do. Only in such abnormal times as a great war do the young go on, and many a small dog must have been left between 1914 and 1918 to wonder, in his doggy way, what had become of the owner of those magic words which meant Walk, and behind or in front of which he used to go over the heathery hills so far and so often.

OUT-OF-DOORS ACADEMY

Vienna's Novel Show

Hundreds of curious citizens turned out into the streets of Vienna the other day when sixteen well-known Viennese artists held a novel exhibition.

The campaign to make art popular began when the sixteen artists drove round the city in three lorries, taking brushes and paint with them.

Special spaces on important hoardings had been rented beforehand, and on arriving at one of these an artist would jump down and paint his picture, when the lorry would move on, leaving the astonished citizens gazing at this most recent and original work of art.

By night-time Vienna was gay with picture-posters, and the crowds of admiring spectators were sufficient proof of the popularity of art—when it is free!

THE BEGGAR OUTSIDE
THE CATHEDRAL

Outside most cathedrals on the Continent there are beggars.

Beggars are not allowed to haunt places of worship in England, but we were glad to hear that the rule was relaxed not long ago, in favour of Canon Bateman-Champain, who stood outside Newcastle Cathedral begging for the restoration fund for 16 hours, and has collected £600.

Nearly £4 was given by the workmen restoring the cathedral.

We may be poor, but we will not rob our children of their inheritance by letting beautiful buildings fall into decay.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

By What Name Are the People of
Palestine Called?

The population of Palestine is largely composed of Arabs and Jews. There appears to be no territorial name for them.

To What Country Does the 20-Sen Piece
Belong and What is Its Value?

The sen is a Japanese coin, the one-hundredth part of a yen, the value of the yen being about 2s 1½d. Therefore the 20-sen piece is worth about fivepence.

Who First Brought Tea to Britain?

Authorities differ. By some Christopher Borough (who died in 1587) is said to have done so; others affirm that tea was brought to Europe by the Dutch in 1610 and introduced to England in 1666 from Holland by Lord Ossory and Lord Arlington.

Where is Vallombrosa and in What Poem
is It Mentioned?

In Italy, near Florence. The name is that of a valley and of an abbey founded in it about 1038. Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, used the simile, "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa."

CHANGES AT THE
MAPPIN TERRACESDEATH OF DAISY, THE
OLD BROWN BEARThe Two-Year-Old Grizzly
Who Tried To Escape

A NEW HOME FOR JIMMY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo is gradually losing its well-known veterans, for another pre-war inmate of the menagerie, who was one of the oldest inhabitants of the Mappin Terraces, has died.

This animal, Daisy, was one of twin brown bears who came to the Zoo in 1912, and were among the first to take up residence on the Mappin Terraces when the modern bear dens were built.

Daisy was never at any time tame enough to be petted by the public, but she enjoyed great popularity, and many will grieve over the passing of the old brown bear, for her looks and tricks made her appear to be exceedingly amiable.

Twenty Years in the Gardens

She always seemed to have a good-humoured grin on her face and, accompanied by her sister and their mate, she would sit upright, holding her toes with her forepaws, and catch all buns thrown to her in her mouth. To catch these Daisy frequently had to sway violently from side to side and even roll backward; but she was so skilled in this art that she was never known to miss a catch sent in her direction.

During her twenty years in the gardens Daisy was never once parted from her twin Bogey, and the relations between the sisters were ever amicable. But if Daisy thought she had a grievance against Bogey she would try to be revenged by a ruse. She would deliberately bite herself and then rush round the den, howling in the hope of arousing the sympathy of their mate, Kitchener.

The Mappin Terraces have also lost another inmate, but happily this other bear has merely removed to fresh quarters. Jimmy, the two-year-old grizzly, had to leave his spacious modern apartment because he was beginning to realise that escape was not impossible.

Expert Climbers

The dens on the Mappin Terraces are secure prisons for brown, black, and Polar bears, but the grizzlies are expert climbers, and the rough surface of the artificial rock-work walls would make it easy for active specimens of this species of bear to scramble up to freedom.

When Jimmy arrived at the Zoo about twelve months ago he was far too small to think about escaping, and so it was safe to let him share a den on the Mappin Terraces with other baby bears. But recently he was observed to be examining the walls with great interest, and to be making little tentative expeditions; so it was considered advisable to move him to the old-fashioned bear-pits where the other grizzlies are kept.

Jimmy is not upset by the change, and he has established cordial relations with a number of Himalayan bears with whom he now shares a den.

WHO WAS HYPATIA?

Died in Alexandria, fifth century.

The daughter of an Alexandrian astronomer and mathematician named Theon, she learned all that her father could teach her, then went to Athens, where she became so proficient in philosophy that she returned to Alexandria to become noted herself as a teacher.

She presided in the public schools, teaching philosophy and mathematics. Her beauty and talent made her very famous, and excited the hatred of a bigoted Christian patriarch, one of whose creatures headed a riot, in the course of which she was torn to pieces in the public streets. Kingsley's novel is founded on her career.

TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 27 Jim at the Helm

So Jim went to the little cabin assigned to the Squire, whom he found in consultation with Captain Ben.

"Bolt the door," signed Mr Deedwinnick, and when Jim had done so, "Now, attend to me, friend Jim," he said in an undertone. "And don't raise your voice: walls have ears. All ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jim.

"Then sit you down there beside Captain Ben." And he pointed to his bunk where the Captain was sitting, and stationed himself while he spoke with his back to the porthole.

"Friend Jim," said he, "you've got a square head on your shoulders, so we're going to put you at our helm for the present, egad, we are! Don't gape at me, man," he broke out, for Jim was staring in bewilderment, "and let me tell you first that I've just signed on a new rating."

"Is it Bora Bora?" smiled Jim.

"Aye," said the Squire, nodding. "You'll have him for company."

"But he doesn't know anything, sir!" exclaimed Jim, rather puzzled.

"Know nothing! About our business? Not he, of course. All he knows is that he's got to stand by you, friend Jim, to do what you tell him and not to let out that any of us have been here."

"To stand by me! But where, if you please, sir?" said Jim.

"Oh, you tell the lad, Babbage," cried Mr Deedwinnick impatiently.

So Captain Ben took it up in his crisp, direct manner.

"As you know, lad, we're after the key to Mr Mark's island. We believe that key is in Tahiti, right here in Papeete. If that is so Lut's gang will be on the look out, so we mustn't raise suspicion by showing ourselves in force. That clear enough, lad?"

"Yes," said Jim.

"Very well. We're going to make ourselves scarce and leave you behind us with Bora Bora."

"In Papeete?"

"Aye, in Papeete. Right in the hornet's nest. You've to nose out all you can, and spy out the land for us."

"And where will the rest of you be? Are you staying aboard here?"

"Staying aboard this ship!" echoed Mr Deedwinnick. "Now, bless the lad! Has he taken leave of his senses? And how long, friend Jim, do you think our secret would last if we stayed aboard here with all the comings and goings and naught but a step between ourselves and the water-front where all the world takes its airing? No, tell him, Ben. You tell him, Ben," he repeated.

"Now, listen," spoke Cap'n Ben, "and get this well into your noddle, lad. You think Tahiti's one island? It isn't. It's two; two islands joined by an isthmus called Taravao. On the way to that isthmus there's thick-wooded country where a man can lie snug."

"And that's where you're going?"

"Aye. We slip ashore in twos and threes tonight and make our way there as best we can. When you want us you'll hear word of us at a spot called Mataiea, well inland toward the isthmus. You understand, Jim? There's a chief I used to know well at Mataiea, and he'll give us hiding. You will come yourself with your news, or send Bora Bora."

They watched Jim while he memorised his instructions.

"Got it all?" inquired Mr Deedwinnick.

"You'll want some money, you're thinking? Well, here's how that land lies. I've sent Bora Bora already to the British Consul, who'll send him back with funds and who'll keep his mouth shut. For mark ye, lad," the Squire went on impressively, "we don't want any Government fingers in our pie. Not yet, at any rate; till we've got back Mark's island. If I tell the Consul our business he might tell the French; his duty to tell them perhaps; then they're all buzzing round us. 'Mark's Island!' they say. 'Whose island? It's ours very likely!' So steer you clear of the Consul. He knows that I'm here, and going again, but that's all. Except that he has to keep it dark that I've been."

"And here's Bora Bora," said Jim, as a cautious knock came on the door; and he slipped back the bolt.

Their islander stepped in with his quick, flashing smile.

"Consul's compliments, Master," he said, producing a wallet, "and Consul give his honourable word he most silent. He say you dine with him? No? I say you just leaving. I say you all by yourself, and taking a new ship. He say where you be going? I say go back home. I say you bad sailor, Master, won't stay no longer." And the loyal youth's smile became a wide grin for his cleverness.

"Bora Bora," said Mr Deedwinnick, with his grand air, "you ought to have been his Majesty's Consul yourself. You are a polished diplomat—if you know what that means, my friend?"

"Me no know," said Bora Bora, exceedingly happy. "But Bora Bora he go to shop as well, Master, for he hear on Easter Island you want this." And, bringing one of his hands from behind his back, as a child might, he gave Mr Deedwinnick a white-paper packet.

"Egad!" shouted Mr Deedwinnick. And out came his snuff-box.

CHAPTER 28

In Port

To Jim, after the long and solitary wastes of the ocean, the water-front of Papeete was a new marvel.

He counted a dozen craft of all sizes beside it, some newly arrived, and some ready to put back to sea, with their hawsers warped to the derelict cannon on the quay. And behind them, divided here and there by a wall, the long lip of land on which the busy port rested.

For busy it was, as busy almost as an ant-heap, that narrow mile or so which made up Papeete, and which Jim had pictured from Bora Bora's accounts as a sunny garden of creepers and flowers and vines. He found all these, but in addition he found the stream of life flowing in spate.

He couldn't miss the flowers and sweet flowering shrubs. In the early dawn that followed the rest of the party's departure he had barely landed when he found these in profusion in every direction: giant acacias, flamboyants like flames, great masses of allamanda yellow as gold, mock-orange flowers, the multi-coloured hibiscus; and with their fragrance was mingled that of the copra where the coconut kernels lay drying behind the quays. The creepers and vines he found too, embowering the houses, and bread-fruit trees with their fruit in the shape of a heart.

But this was not all. By the broad thoroughfare facing the sea stood stores of all sorts where merchants, who spoke several tongues and owned several countries, traded anchors and tobacco and candles, together with satins and silks no softer themselves than the skins of the native women who bought them, passing to and fro in their bright-coloured tunics with garlands of fresh flowers upon their foreheads.

Jim had stumbled upon erratic streets that ran anyhow, full of little eating-houses and coffee-shops kept by Chinese. And he had wandered along to broader roads shaded by mango trees, and lined with thick hedges concealing cabins and shanties. He had wondered if it were one of these roads he must take when he started upon the inland trail into the hills with his news for Mr Deedwinnick and Captain Ben.

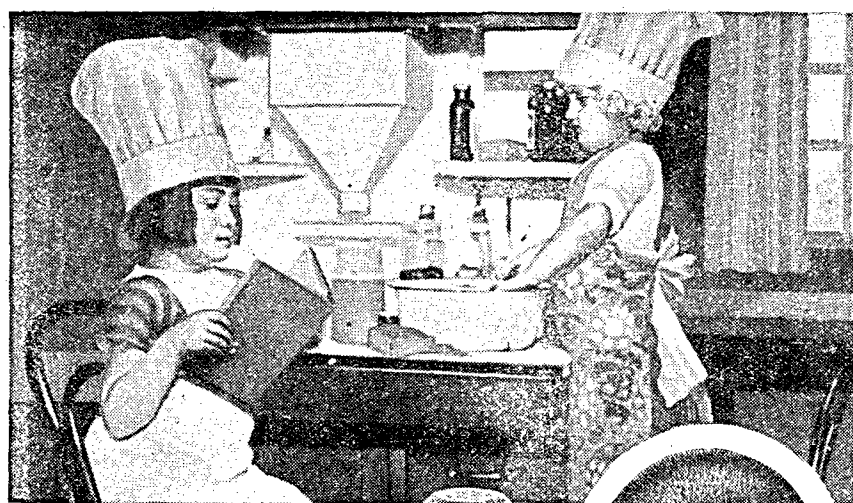
For Jim had been for two days now in Papeete, sharing one of the native dwellings with Bora Bora, a queer little place which reminded him of a cage. It was built of bamboos, widely split to admit sun and air; it was thatched with pandanus tree fibre and floored with dried grasses, and a hanging mat was all the door it possessed. There was just a room apiece for them and no more.

Bora Bora kept house.

"We native," he would explain. "Bora Bora make master the *fei*." So saying, he would take some of the gigantic mountain bananas and cook them into a porridge that made Jim's mouth water. And he spread their table with guava fruit and wild pineapples, and mangoes and yams and coconut-milk for their drink. He brought fish, too, from the market-place behind the quays, and crabs and crawfish and prawns, making lime-juice sauce for them.

It was in this birdcage that Jim had made his headquarters, very close to Papeete, but as far from his errand as ever. On the fourth day, however, his companion produced a surprise.

Continued on the next page



A lesson you will like

says the Jolly Golly

Here's a pudding every boy can make and every boy will love. You make one. Ask mother to show you how.

SCHOOLBOY PUDDING
(Similar to Xmas Pudding.)
Take 1-lb. jar of Robertson's Mincemeat, mix

with 3 ounces self-raising flour, place in basin, steam or boil 3 hours.

This will make a delicious and nourishing pudding. Just the thing for growing boys and girls.

Robertson's Mincemeat

Remember—it must be ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT ("Golden Shred" Brand). This contains the exact proportion of each ingredient to make a successful pudding.

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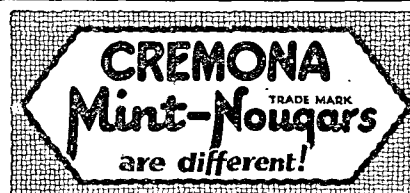
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Edited by Arthur Mee

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"Young master," he said as they were finishing breakfast, "before he go Big Master tell Bora Bora something. Big Master say you stay here to look out for a white man?"

"If you'd call him white," was Jim's involuntary comment. "Well, as Mr Deedwinnick has told you that, so I am."

"Big Master say you find him but he no find you."

"That's the idea," owned Jim. "I'm not to be spotted."

"You come to listen to secrets?"

"Put it that way," smiled Jim.

"Bora Bora understand. He help you."

CHAPTER 29

Missing!

JIM was keyed up now. "Yes?" he demanded.

"Boug—Bougvil Club want a steward's boy," grinned Bora Bora. He had to twist his tongue round to get at the name. And then he got it wrong. It wasn't Bougvil, it was Bougainville, called, as Jim discovered later, after the first Frenchman to sing Tahiti's praises loudly. "Bougvil Club," he managed again, "want a steward's boy and steward he native, relation of Bora Bora."

"But where does that come in?" said Jim, with a smile.

"Bora Bora he get steward's boy job. All traders go to Bougvil—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jim.

"So Bora Bora he keep eyes and ears plenty open. Then come back in evening tell young master what he found out. Your trader Mr Lutz?"

"Or Thomas," said Jim. "Or perhaps Jaffray."

The islander wrote the names down. "Me find him," he said. "Me find him or them, me find all three: trust Bora Bora."

On which Jim took the plunge. Fully confident of the man's loyalty, he told him to get some particulars of Lutz's associates and listen for any mysterious talk about pearls.

Bora Bora flashed his white teeth. "Me hear all," he promised. "Job of steward's boy," he grinned, "to run quick for the traders. He bring them all they want, he here, there, everywhere. Young master keep lying low. Bora Bora soon learn for him."

And sure enough he returned that very same evening with word about a certain Portuguese called Newton Vacca. "Him say he trader, young master. Him say he have plantations and ship vanilla beans, but he mystery man who visit Papeete sometimes, when he go to Club. Then he disappear, vanish, for long time together. One day he seen in Club with very big pearl. No one know where he get it. But men nudge and wink, master."

Jim was tingling with excitement. "Is this Portuguese there now?" he asked.

Bora Bora nodded. "Him come back today, master."

"Was it," said Jim, thinking hard, "a black pearl they saw him with?"

"Bora Bora no know. But find out before no time."

He did. Next day. Yes, a black pearl it was, he reported; the steward had seen it. "And steward say, master, no one like Mister Vacca; him come with plenty money but no think he honest. Traders say he bad man, big thief and liar."

Then Jim asked of Lutz.

"Steward know him," said Bora Bora. "Him man with legs all twisted, like branches of purau tree. But he no been Papeete for many long moon."

But next evening Jim was told that Lutz had appeared.

"Him drop from skies—so!" said Bora Bora dramatically, raising both fists aloft, then letting them fall to his side. "Him come to Club and whisper-whisper long time with Vacca."

That was enough. Jim felt he had no time to waste.

"Bora Bora," he said, "you must stay here and hold the fort while I go to Mataiea. How far is it?"

"Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven mile," counted the islander. "Young master no want man to see him. Him go by the carriage-for-all that traders no use. White man turn up nose at carriage-for-all."

And so might Jim have done at first sight, when he committed himself to its rusty interior at daybreak. Drawn by a pair of mules with bells on their collars, this native conveyance ambled inland from village to village, picking passengers up or

setting them down; and delivering mails in its own particular fashion, which consisted in the appearance of a native policeman, who strolled up, unlocked a letter-box in the vehicle, had a chat with the driver, took out what letters he wanted, put the others back, finished his chat, and waved them away again. Yet eventually it put Jim down in Papara, where his intention was to walk the rest of the way.

For he wanted to come very quietly into Mataiea, there to seek out the chief whose name Captain Ben had given him.

He arrived ere nightfall, to find that the chief whom he wanted was not the chief of Mataiea but of a neighbouring district. On he trudged, and was received by a very old man with much-furrowed brow, who nodded knowingly when he whispered his business. And thus at last he arrived at Captain Ben's refuge, on a wooded ridge beneath the lee of a mountain.

"Egad! Twas a right good man I left at the helm!" cried Mr Deedwinnick, when Jim had finished his story. "My congratulations, friend Jim. Well, we strike camp tomorrow."

"And then, sir?" uttered Miles Maravin.

"Why, then, man, we lay our hands on a double-dyed scoundrel!"

Jim saw Cap'n Ben's chin come out with a thrust.

"And if he won't speak," said the Cap'n, "we wring his neck for him."

"By thunder, we do, Ben Babbage! By thunder we do! Vacca showed no mercy to my boy Mark and I'll show none to him, as I'm a living man!" shouted Mr Deedwinnick. He made a clutch for his snuff-box and helped himself violently.

And before dawn the whole party set out for Papeete.

But there they encountered a setback. Bora Bora was gone and had left behind him no word. The birdcage cabin lay very empty and still.

Mr Deedwinnick was all for making straight to the Club and demanding speech of Vacca without more ado.

"I'll take the rogue by the beard, if he wears one," said he, "and choke the life out of him unless he owns up."

But Jim, who felt uneasy in Bora Bora's departure, secured his permission to see

the steward himself first and try to discover if anything sudden had happened. "For I'm sure Bora Bora would never desert us," he said.

"In that case he's been done away with," said Maravin.

"Aye," agreed Cap'n Ben. "They had tracked you, I reckon."

Jim knew how to catch the steward without being observed, and that was about the time of the midday siesta when the industrious man sometimes occupied his leisure by angling from the coral wall of the lagoon. And there Jim went, and found him surely enough, a rotund and cheerful islander, tattooed all over. He gave Jim a nod in sign that he knew who he was, and then, with his eyes on his float, he began to talk quickly. He told Jim that Vacca and Lutz had both left the island, they had slipped away yesterday in Vacca's schooner Savannah, bound, according to waterside gossip, for the Fijis.

Jim told the man that Bora Bora was missing. "Was he here?" Jim asked, "yesterday?"

The other man shook his head, and fished on so silently that Jim saw he did not wish to say any more, so he thanked him and hurried back with his news to the Squire.

"Fiji!" said the Squire. "Very well, Babbage, off we go after him The Minstrel was sent to Fiji."

CHAPTER 30

More News

THEN Mr Deedwinnick paused. "Ah, but give me a minute," he said, "while I con my fleet's sailing orders. I carry a note of them all." He tapped on his forehead. "Friend Jim," he laughed out, "never trust your memory to paper. Sling its hammock in your brain-pan, lad. That's the place for it." The Squire seemed indeed to be swept by a gust of high spirits, like one whose heart has most suddenly thrown off its load. "But I doubt me you've much brain-pan, friend Jim," he said breezily, "though I allow you carry an honest square head on your shoulders."

Then Mr Deedwinnick ceased to laugh, and reflected. "Now The Thankful Heart, let's see," he ejaculated. "She should

JACKO GETS LET DOWN

SOME sharp frosts had frozen the Monkeyville pond, so skating was soon in full swing.

"Coo! I must be in at this," chuckled Jacko, as he emptied his money-box to buy some skates.

Alas! he had hardly a chance to use them after all, for the next morning a thaw set in and the ice began to melt.

It was a great disappointment; and Father made matters worse by saying he thought the frosts were about over.



Jacko sat down in the middle of the floor

"Just my luck," grumbled Jacko. "But I'll have my money back, any way." He flung out of the house with his skates under his arm and was soon having an argument with the shopkeeper. The man was busy and quickly lost his temper.

"I've told you we never return money," he snapped. "So out you go at once."

Jacko hopped out.

A minute later he hopped in again, and wheedled the man into giving him roller-skates instead. Then he hurried to the Monkeyville Skating Rink to put

them on, and was soon enjoying himself tumbling about the floor.

He was just scrambling up after one of his spills when a tall lady came skating toward him. It was his mother's friend Miss Trippit.

"Hello, Jacko!" she called. "Give me your hands and I'll take you round."

Off they went, and were soon skimming along beautifully.

"You'll make a fine skater," his companion remarked, and she went on to

be somewhere around Flint Island, which isn't much more, I reckon, than five hundred miles."

"You can make it that," said Cap'n Ben with a nod.

"British?"

"Aye, Flint Island belongs to Great Britain."

"Wherefore I instructed The Thankful Heart to make it her base and cruise around, if without news by now, till she heard from me."

"But it isn't in your mind, sir, to summon her here?"

"Aye, that it is," the Squire cried out impatiently. "Egad, it is! And at once. I'll send her a wireless."

"And have all the place on our trail," uttered Captain Ben, frowning.

"Be hanged to our trail! I'm a straight man," flared Mr Deedwinnick. "And I'll steer a straight course, 'pon my soul I will, Babbage. I will fetch The Thankful Heart here and be off after Vacca."

"Ask your pardon, sir?" It was Maravin's deep, rumbling voice. "More haste, less speed, sir—asking your pardon again. For you lay on it that Vacca has left his spies behind him."

"Ho!" snapped the Squire. "Ha! Well! What's your suggestion?"

"I suggest," replied Cap'n Ben, "that we go for a cruise. We're pleasure-seekers off for a nice little cruise. So we charter a copra cutter, but when we're at sea we set her nose for Flint Island and no one the wiser."

"Where we pick up The Thankful Heart and tranship, sir," said Maravin.

"Oh, have it your own way," cried Mr Deedwinnick. "And meanwhile where do you lodge us, friend Jim?" he demanded. "For 'pon my honour I find your quarters no Guadeloupe Inn."

"Nor I," grumbled Miles Maravin, who was squatting on the floor to keep his head from going out through the thatch.

It was as certain that Jim's birdcage could not hold them all as it was that Vacca's spies would watch the hotel. But Jim knew the lie of the land now. "Sir," he said, smiling, "Bora Bora he plenty relations."

"Don't gabble at me like a native!" cried Mr Deedwinnick.

"Sir, I can billet you all upon Bora Bora's relations."

"If so be they live without roofs," assented Miles Maravin.

So Jim disposed of them all in the way he proposed, but he kept his swinging seaman with him in the hut. And next day, while the others lay safely indoors, Cap'n Ben on the water-front kept look-out for a cutter. Before he had found what he sought Bora Bora returned.

He came by night. He lifted the hanging net and slipped in to Jim and Merciful while they were sleeping. He let them sleep on till the morning. Then poured out his story.

He had followed Newton Vacca in The Savannah and tracked him to the neighbouring island of Moorea, where Vacca, who had set out with two companions, had shipped a number of white men who had seemed to be waiting, and had put to sea again. "Moorea more quiet island," said Bora Bora. "Me follow in canoe, pretend to be fisherman. Me watch him off. Then hurry back in canoe."

"Were the white men armed?" said Jim.

"Ei! All of them armed, master. All evil men. Bora Bora no like them."

"You never left me any message," said Jim.

"Bora Bora no time. Him afraid he never come back. Him more afraid of Vacca than of King shark, master."

Jim sent Merciful at once for the Squire and Captain Ben. And when they had come Bora Bora sprang another of his surprises. Regarding Mr Deedwinnick with his urchin-like smile, he said blandly, "Bora Bora no know where Vacca's ship gone; but if she go to Fiji she go the wrong way. So Bora Bora he no think she go to Fiji."

This brought Mr Deedwinnick to his feet with a start of excitement.

"Speak out, man!" he shouted.

"Bora Bora have long ears, Big Master, like mule. He twitch them forward, he twitch them back; he hear everything. He hear two beachcombers going aboard Savannah. One whisper of Schjetman Reef."

"By thunder!" the Squire cried out. "By thunder! We've got it!" Then he gave their islander one of his finest bows.

"Mr Bora Bora," said he, "I will make your fortune for this."

TO BE CONTINUED

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*It's all wrong says Sunny Jim
Can you put it right?*

	ANSWER	PUZZLE	CLUE
		OREFC	Your favourite food.
		OTRINOA	Canadian wheat growing province.
		RREEPA	Man who gathers up wheat.
		HFAFC	Chopped up straw.
		GINEEERN	One who drives an engine.
		LIDO	What Sunny Jim is to children.
		ESLICK	Reaping hook.
		EAHTW	What "Force" is made of.
		RAEHTSV	To gather wheat when ripe.
		RASE	Heads of wheat plant.
		PESLPA	Stewed fruit nice to eat with "Force."
		RRTOAC	Machine used for drawing a plough.

The other day Sunny Jim strolled into a children's playground. There he found a lot of children very interested in something and they were all chattering excitedly. He listened intently and discovered that in school they had been having a spelling lesson and were now trying to spell out some of the words the teacher had given them by arranging alphabetical bricks.

Sunny Jim found the children had chosen the correct letters to spell the words, but had placed them in the wrong order. He copied down the jumbled words on a piece of paper. Ah! thought he, when he had corrected the mistakes, I wonder how many readers of the Children's Newspaper could do it. I'll test them. So he at once set to work and drew out a plan divided into three parts. In one part are the jumbled words, in another are the clues which give you a guide to

the correct words, and in the other are spaces for you to write in the answers. At the beginning of each line Sunny Jim has drawn a nice little square and in this you should write, in capitals, the first letter of each correct word. Now if you have arranged the jumbled words correctly and then read down the capital letters only, it tells you what "Force" is made of.

After you have solved the puzzle I expect you will all want to taste "Force." It really is a delicious food for growing boys and girls. It's made of whole wheat, malted and then toasted into lovely crisp, crunchy flakes. It builds up bone, brain and muscle. So to all who send their solutions to

this puzzle, to the address below, Sunny Jim will post by return a nice Free sample packet of "Force," enough for two Breakfasts and also, an amusing game.

FORCE

WHOLE WHEAT—MALTED, FLAKED, TOASTED

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 31, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

A Bus Service

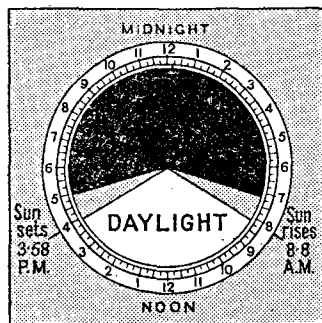
AN omnibus runs a regular service at twenty-minute intervals between Swallow Green and Pippit Park.

The first bus leaves Swallow Green garage at 6.52 and arrives at the terminus at Pippit Park clock tower at 7.45. It leaves Pippit Park again at 7.50 and arrives back at the garage at 8.43. It waits there for nine minutes, and starts again.

How many buses are needed to keep up the twenty-minute service?

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on December 31. The daylight gets longer each day.

Tuesday or Toosday?

A PARTY provides a good opportunity for propounding one or two little catches. Here is one in which the conversation proceeds something like this:

"Now then, Uncle Bill, how do you pronounce t-o?"

"To."

"And how do you pronounce t-o-o?"

"To."

"And t-w-o?"

"To."

"Then how do you pronounce the second day of the week?"

"Tuesday!"

"Really! I always call it Monday!"

Birds That Bury Themselves

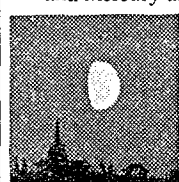
DURING the recent severe weather snow fell heavily in the mountains of Scotland and fresh evidence of the strange habits of that grouse-like bird the ptarmigan was obtained.

Ptarmigan live at high altitudes and rarely come to the lowlands but heavy snow and frost force them to come down to lower levels for food and shelter. When things become very bad they bury themselves up to the neck in snow. Then the birds pass into a torpid state, remaining in that condition

for days. If the snow drifts deep over a buried bird it will perish miserably, and when the spring comes and the snow melts some wanderer on the mountains may find a little heap of feathers to tell of a bird tragedy of the winter.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Mercury are in the South-



East, and Jupiter and Mars are in the South. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West, Uranus in the South, Mars and Jupiter

in the East late in the evening. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, January 4.

Words That Rhyme

EACH couplet gives the clues to two words which are pronounced in a similar way, though they are spelled differently and have different meanings.

Stoneless fruit that's small and round.

Hide it deep beneath the ground.

These hold weapons which may scratch.

An interval of rest you catch.

Loud the ringing sound we hear.

Strip off rind, your fruit to clear.

Answer next week

What Am I?

I AM, dear reader—let me see, I am a flower, a shrub, a tree; A bird, a beast, a man, a woman. Is this relation strange, uncommon?

All this is singular, I own, But am I singular alone?

So or not so, I claim, you'll see, Sometimes to have plurality.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le grabat La pensée La vitre

Il n'a qu'un grabat pour dormir. Le jardinier plante des pensées. Que voit-on à travers la vitre?

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to November 26, 1932, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWNS	BIRTHS 1932	BIRTHS 1931	DEATHS 1932	DEATHS 1931
London . . .	4836	5252	3678	4084
Glasgow . . .	1542	1677	1197	1205
Birmingham . . .	1143	1277	782	844
Manchester . . .	909	896	655	814
Belfast . . .	582	670	429	395
Edinburgh . . .	530	545	489	394
Newcastle . . .	446	453	262	263
Leicester . . .	287	272	200	222
Swansea . . .	213	247	134	133
Norwich . . .	141	174	101	101
Bournemouth . . .	104	103	103	106
Exeter . . .	77	64	64	64

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Change for Ten Shillings

3 half-crowns, 4 florins, and a 3d piece.

What Bird Is This?

Skylark

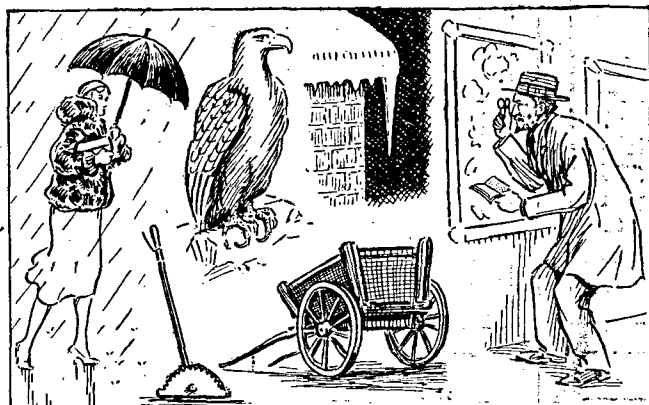
Three Little Charades

Buoy-ant, fan-fare, Hen-don

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

F	I	R	I	M	A	I	M	G	I	N		
A	R	E	A	S	A	B	L	E	B	O	N	E
C	O	I	N	S	R	A	T	B	L	O	T	S
I	N	N	M	A	T	O	D	E	D	O	T	
L	D	E	E	M	A	A	N	E	W	E		
E	R	E	W	E	L	C	O	M	E	I	N	D
E	E	L	N	I	E	C	E	A	L	E		
A	P	R	I	L	E	S	T	S	A	L	E	S

A Double Acrostic in Pictures



THE words represented by these six drawings form an acrostic when arranged in the right order. The word spelled by the initials is something which is equidistant from all parts of the initials. Answer next week

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

JIM and Christine loved staying with Uncle Fred and Auntie Nan, who lived near London.

And they liked especially the day when they were taken to the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens to see the sailing-boats. And now this time Christine had caught a cold and couldn't go! Uncle Fred and Jim went off alone, while poor Christine had to stay indoors and get her cold better to go home again. It was too bad.

Still she tried to make the best of it; but, though it was fun having a cosy time with Auntie Nan, she couldn't help thinking of the Round Pond.

In the afternoon Auntie Nan said, "Now, Christine, we'll have our own Round

Pond, shall we? I think it'll be nearly as much fun as the real one."

Christine clasped her hands with surprise. "How do you



They made some tiny boats

mean, Auntie? How can we have a pond in the house?"

"I'll show you," laughed Auntie Nan, "if you will promise not to get wet."

"Oh, I promise," cried Christine, at once.

So Auntie Nan cleared the table and brought in a big wash-hand basin of warm water. Christine watched with delight.

"It is a Round Pond," she laughed, and got quite excited when Auntie Nan gave her some walnuts to crack. Out of the empty shells they made tiny boats with paper sails and matchstick masts; and when Auntie Nan turned a smaller basin upside down so that the top just showed above the water, and brought in some moss from the garden, they covered the island. Auntie Nan had even remembered little bits of fir for trees, and then she produced a china swan and a floating fish.

Dr MERRYMAN

Good-Bye

BLACK: Money talks.

White: Yes; but a lot of it goes without saying.

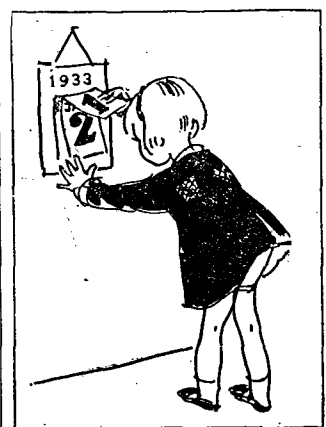
Helpful

THE smart young woman wore a puzzled look as she scoured the library bookshelves.

"Can I help you to find the book you want, miss?" asked the librarian. "What was its title?"

"Thank you," was the reply. "I'm not sure what it was called, but I know it began with The."

Her New Leaf



A GOOD resolution For New Year's Day Is to turn a new leaf, They always say; But the first new leaf To be turned by me Is the Calendar Nineteen-thirty-three.

Nothing Doing

LESSER SMITHVILLE prided itself on its healthy climate.

"In the past five years only one man has died here and he was the doctor," said the local estate agent to a prospective house purchaser.

"And what did the doctor die of?" the house agent was asked. "Starvation," was the reply.

The Lazy-in-the-Morning Man

A TUTOR called on one of his pupils who was notoriously lazy. He knocked on the bedroom door.

"Yes?" came from within.

"What time is it?"

"You should be ashamed to ask," replied the tutor. "It is past eleven o'clock."

"What a good-for-nothing I am," said a sleepy voice. "I don't deserve to see the light of day." And so saying he turned over and fell asleep.

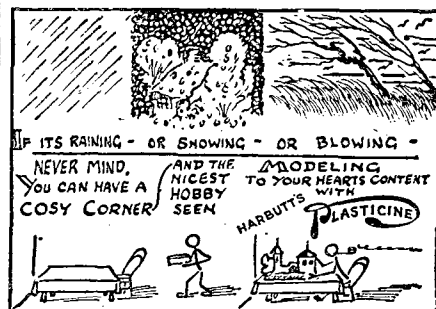
CHRISTINE'S ROUND POND

"But it's more fun to make our own," she said, and she showed Christine how to make little ducks from bits of cork and sealing-wax heads. They made some little sailors too; in fact, they were so busy that tea-time came long before they were ready for it.

"We must show Uncle Fred and Jim our lovely pond when they come back," Christine cried.

And when Jim burst in, full of his adventures, he held out a tiny sailing-boat to Christine. "Uncle and I bought that for you because you couldn't come," he said.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Christine. "It's the very thing! Jim, do come and look at the Round Pond Auntie Nan and I have made!"



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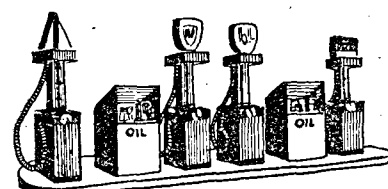
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